



# CHINA



# MAIL



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## COMMENT OF THE DAY

### STATE OF THE UNION

PRESIDENT Eisenhower's State of the Union message, while impressive on the whole, lacked fire and failed to demonstrate enough sense of urgency.

The President called for "sacrifices and a high degree of understanding" but did not indicate to the nation what was required of the American people.

In the face of Russian technical superiority in the intercontinental ballistic missile and space age programmes a more emphatic and stronger line was expected to be taken by the Administration.

### Utmost Speed

THERE was nothing in the President's message to emphasise what must surely have been at the back of his mind—the necessity to press ahead with the utmost speed in order to make up for lost initiative.

To offset this the President made a point of reassuring the nation that the present day deterrent power of the United States Strategic Air Command can handle any Soviet aggression.

Doubtless Mr. Eisenhower meant this to allay fears that the country is losing its place as a great military power and at the same time giving an assurance that he intends to call for defence reorganisation.

### Disputes

THIS latter promise to "overcome harmful inter-service disputes" was greeted by Congress and the nation with more applause than any other part of the President's message.

Inter-service rivalry has been a bone of contention for years and it led to splitting the ample scientific brains of the country with the result that the Soviet Union caught up and passed the United States in the outer space and missile race. Perhaps his plan to share the Nato nations' knowhow will help to overcome Russian superiority.

But the acid test of the President's leadership and his ability to persuade Congress to accept his programmes in a congressional election year will depend on how he follows up his general State of the Union message with specific and concrete military and economic proposals.

# EAST-WEST RELATIONS

## Selwyn Lloyd Presents Three Point Plan

London, Jan. 10. Foreign Secretary, Mr Selwyn Lloyd, tonight put forward a three-point plan to achieve better relations with the Soviet Union.



SELWYN LLOYD

## Indonesians Arrest 15 People

Djakarta, Jan. 10. Indonesian troops arrested 15 people in raids in the suburbs of Djakarta today, the Djakarta newspaper Sindo reported.

A large quantity of ammunition hidden in a house and some weapons were also seized, the newspaper said.

An army spokesman said the raids were a continuation of security moves early last year when troops swooped on parts of the city in a search for forbidden arms.

He confirmed that troops were placed in the fashionable Kebajoran suburb, the home of most foreign residents.

The spokesman said he could not give details of the raids because they were still going on.—Reuter.

## LONDON SOCIETY GAMBLING RAID

London, Jan. 10. The son and daughter of an Earl and the kinsman of a Duke were among the men and women charged here today after a raid on what police alleged was a high society gambling party.

The dock of Marylebone Police Court was crowded with women in fur coats, men in overcoats with fur and velvet collars. Most of the accused—many in their early twenties—described themselves as of independent means and gave addresses in London's most fashionable streets.

John Aspinall, 31, well-known London socialist, with his mother, Lady Mary Grace Osborne, 54, wife of racehorse owner Sir George Osborne, Baronet, were charged with keeping a common gaming house at a flat in fashionable Hyde Park Street. With them on this charge was John Richard Burke, 34. These three pleaded not guilty and were remanded.

### BOUND OVER

Sixteen of the others, charged with being found on the premises, were bound over in the sum of £25 not to frequent gaming houses and to be of good behaviour for 12 months.

Among them were Lord Willoughby de Eresby, 21-year-old son and heir of the Earl of Ancaster, and his 23-year-old sister, Lady Nancy Jane Heathcote - Drummond - Willoughby. They gave their names as "Timothy and Jane Willoughby". This group also included Mr William James Cavendish-Bentinck, 32, son of a former British Ambassador to Poland and a kinsman of the Duke of Portland.

Five others accused of being found at the flat were remanded till a full hearing of the case on February 12.

### A CRAZE

In recent years gossip-writers in the British newspapers have reported thousands of pounds sterling being lost and won overnight at "champane-and-caviar" gambling parties which have become the craze of British society.

Baccarat, roulette and poker are played and expert croupiers sometimes flown across from the Continent. The parties are held in private flats and houses.—Reuter.

## Patino Sues For Divorce

Paris, Jan. 10. Bolivian George Ortiz Patino, nephew of tin magnate Antenor Patino, and his Cuban wife, Dagmar Sanchez Y Bettecourt, niece of the Archbishop of Cuba, faced each other at the opening of a fierce legal tussle in a Paris divorce court today. Patino has filed suit for divorce and his wife is opposing the action, which is expected to be lengthy and tangled.—France-Press.

### German Reunification

## DULLES CHALLENGES SOVIET UNION

Washington, Jan. 10. Secretary of State John Foster Dulles, at his news conference today, challenged Russia to reunify Germany as an act of good faith prior to any new "summit" meeting.

At the same time, Mr. Dulles rejected Soviet Premier Nikolai Bulganin's call for an East-West summit conference within two or three months.

Mr. Dulles told a news conference any such meeting would have to be adequately prepared and offer a reasonable chance of achievement before it would be worthwhile.

First, he said, there would have to be diplomatic negotiations on a lower level or a Foreign Ministers' meeting, or both.

The Secretary emphasised that he did not consider progress on the German unification question an absolute prerequisite for new top level East-West talks.

He said it was an example of the kind of good faith Russia should carry out before new lower level talks would become fruitful.—United Press.

## Miss Callas Welcomed Home

Milan, Jan. 10. American-born soprano Maria Callas got a heroine's welcome when she arrived here from Rome "to find a little peace" before she goes to Chicago to fill a singing date.

About 500 fans, shouting "you are divine and beautiful", greeted Miss Callas at the railroad station last night.

The singer went straight home to bed, leaving her husband, Giovanni Battista Meneghini, to wrestle with pending details of the row touched off when she walked out on a performance of "Norma" in Rome last week.

### CALLED LAWYER

Meneghini called a lawyer as soon as he and Miss Callas arrived last night. He told newspapermen there may be "legal developments" today—perhaps meaning that Miss Callas intends to carry out her threat to sue the Rome Opera House for breach of contract.

The soprano's husband declined comment on Rome Opera Superintendent Carlo Latini's declaration that he has no intention of compromising the nationalised company's grievance against Miss Callas.—United Press.

### Too Cold

Chattahoochee, Jan. 10. William Gordon found he timed his escape wrong from the Florida Mental Hospital last week and turned himself in to police yesterday. He said it was too cold outside.—United Press.

## ALBANIA RELEASES US PLANE

London, Jan. 10. Tirana radio announced tonight that the United States jet plane forced down on Albanian territory had been released and allowed to leave with its pilot.

The plane, an American T33, was forced down on a night from Southwest France last month and its pilot, Major Howard J. Curran, was accused of "violating Albanian air space."

Tirana radio said that tonight the plane was being released without further action as a contribution to lessening international tension.—Reuter.

## PLAYED RUSSIAN ROULETTE

New York, Jan. 10. John Lenox, 61, a retired police detective and chief security officer of the Housing Authority police force, got up at 3 a.m. today, dressed and awakened his wife.

"Either, I'm going to play Russian roulette," he told her. Lenox put the muzzle of his service revolver to his temple and pulled the trigger.

"See, nothing happened," he reassured his wife. Nothing happened the second time either.

Lenox ended his life the third time he pulled the trigger. Police said Lenox was worried over reports that he was about to lose his job. They listed his death as suicide.—United Press.

## FRENCH REFORM BILL

Paris, Jan. 10. The French Cabinet tonight approved a constitutional reform bill which will shortly be put before the National Assembly.

Under the bill, in order to overthrow a government, the parliamentary opposition must present a justified motion of censure, setting out a programme of legislative measures replying to those proposed by the government in power, and also suggesting the name of the man who could take over from the premier should the government be defeated.

The bill will be communicated to the different parliamentary parties and should go before the Assembly very shortly.—France-Press.

## Dulles Not Resigning

Washington, Jan. 10. Mr John Foster Dulles made it clear today that he had no thought of resigning as Secretary of State.

He was asked at his press conference about reports that he had expressed to President Eisenhower his willingness to continue at his job.

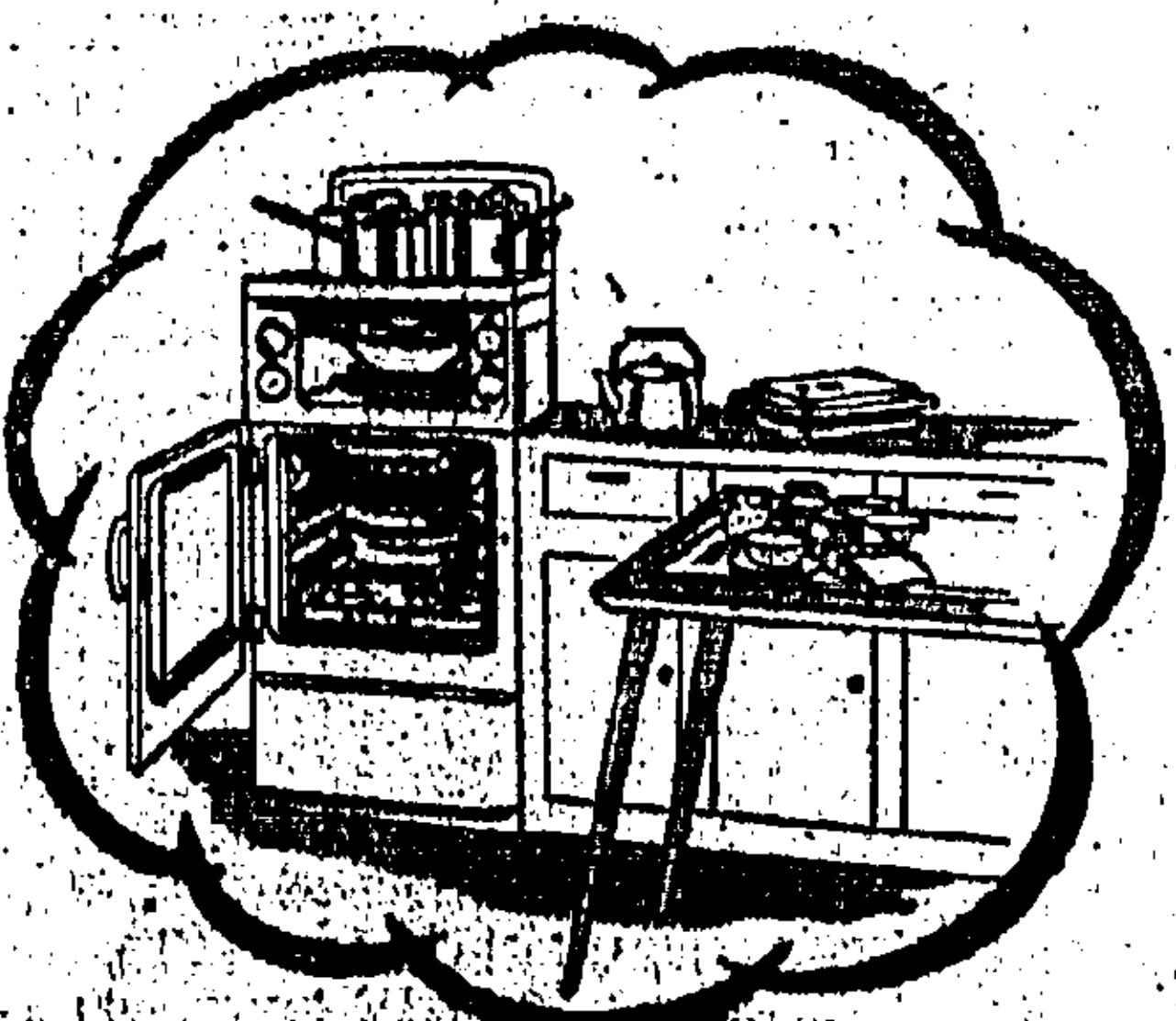
Mr Dulles replied that it was not a question of reaching a decision to continue. He observed that it would take a decision to discontinue, either by the President or by himself, and he added with a smile there had been no such decision from any quarter that he was aware of.—Reuter.

## Submarine Refloated

Campbelltown, Jan. 10. The submarine Taciturn, which went aground during yesterday's gale, was refloated this afternoon at high tide. Five Admiralty ships and a tug towed her off a shingle bank at the entrance to Campbelltown Loch, Argyllshire.—Reuter.

## Doesn't Like Profession

Moscow, Jan. 10. One of two men who stole US\$988 from a bank yesterday apparently doesn't like this profession. Five Admiralty ships and a tug towed her off a shingle bank at the entrance to Campbelltown Loch, Argyllshire.—Reuter.



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There are so many things to see

Such lovely things, both East and West;  
Pray, won't you travel there with me!

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- \* 7 flights a week to EUROPE from BOMBAY.
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- \* 2 flights a week from HONG KONG to TOKYO.
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MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW

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PATRICK MCGOOGHAN

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(Blue Network)

## Anthony Fuller's Column

MARILYN MONROE arrived in Hollywood last month. Reason: To prepare for a remake of "Blue Angel." 20th Century Fox are going to tackle the job, and if asked to name a studio which in my opinion could undertake the assignment, I should say 20th Century Fox.

It is of no use imagining that one studio is as good as another. If you follow films closely, you will notice that every studio excels in one particular branch.

In my opinion there is only one director I should choose to make the film. I know he is tied up with International-Universal with "A Time to Love and a Time to Die," but even so I would wait for him if necessary. I mean Douglas Sirk, the old UFA Director.

When UFA made the original film "Blue Angel," they gave the world a lesson in film making. I always say to this day, Hollywood made Marlene Dietrich a star—but it was UFA that made her an actress.

I hold it to be true that Marlene never gave a performance in Hollywood to anywhere near equal that which she gave in "Blue Angel."

Here are my reasons for saying so. In "Blue Angel," Miss Dietrich was given no glamour, she appeared as she was supposed to appear, a tart doing a turn in a beer-hall, the Blue Angel.

The contrast character was Emil Jannings as an elderly tyrannical schoolmaster, who, as the German version of the story tells us, singed his clerical wings in her bright flame.

The point of the film is that the schoolmaster struggles to keep his pedantic dignity even when he is assigned the ludicrous role of a lesser clown.

One of the greatest shots ever taken by a film camera surrounds this role. When Emil Jannings stands on the platform of a beer-hall and another clown breaks an egg on his head. The yolk runs all over Jannings' head and neck, and all the time a frozen mask looks at the audience, but beneath the mask is the agonising expression of a scholar sunk so low that he can sink no lower.

I, myself, when young, was haunted by this tragedy for many a long day. The break-up of a man is tragedy. And wise is the playwright who can see it. This is why, if we can see it, "Across the Bridge" belongs to great cinema.

I shall watch our Marilyn very closely. It takes a lot more than a sexy twist of the hips to fill high drama, and I wonder if Marilyn can do it. And then, who would you cast as "Old Mud," the schoolmaster?

How many of you know that "Blue Angel" was written by Heinrich Mann, elder brother of Thomas Mann? Heinrich also being a great novelist in his own right.

WARNER Bros have leapt to the front with a picture called "Sayonara" pronounced in Japanese "sayo-nah-da."

This film stars Marlon Brando, and opposite him is Milko Taka as his Japanese sweetheart.

People who know Milko Taka say the actress has a dual personality. Milko admits it without reservations.

The personality change was first noted by director Joshua Logan during the filming of the "Sayonara" East-West love story. It becomes evident the minute she slips from Occidental into traditional Japanese attire. Logan reports her pace slows up, her reactions be-

come studied and deliberate and she appears to live in another world.

Japanese composer-conductor Tak Shindo, who functioned as musical technician, adviser with Franz Waxman during the scoring of Warner Bros "Sayonara," has been approached by a recording company to arrange an album from the 11 popular Japanese songs he transposed from the Japanese scale to Occidental orchestration for the picture.

Included would be a swing version of "Tango Bughy," a favourite with the G.I.s in the Orient under the title of "The Coal Miner's Song," and "To Ryan Se," the Japanese equivalent of "London Bridge is Falling Down." Both songs figure prominently in the "Sayonara" score.

A DIFFERENT impression of Japan is gained from watching "Sayonara" than is gained from the cherry blossom shots we are usually given.

Most of the film was taken on location in Tokyo, Osaka, and Kyoto, during the winter holiday season, and the soft background gives an added dramatic accent to the warm love affair between Marlon Brando and the Japanese beauty, Milko Taka.

In addition, the stark landscapes in many sequences provide a mysterious beauty, fully captured by the new Techni-

tama-Technicolor process.

YOU will be probably seeing "Bombers B-52" some time next week at the Astor and Lee.

It is an amusing story came out of the making of this film, at any rate it amused me.

Karl Malden, Efrem Zimbalist, and the director, Gordon Douglas, went on location at Castle Air Force Base to shoot the aerial sequences for "Bombers B-52."

Now they found the Air Force Unit following a strange custom which is called "dining in," and when they asked about it they were told it is a tradition borrowed by American flying officers from the R.A.F. during World War II.

The bit that made me laugh remembering some of the pomp and circumstance associated with "dining in" nights. The Hollywood reporter, in trying to explain to his readers what "dining in" really means said: "It might be termed a glorified smoker."

Any comments?

LANGUAGE, good or bad, has always interested me. I get

immense interest out of tracing the evolution of a word. Take the oath "bloody" for instance which was introduced to a polite public in Pygmalion and since then has crept into pictures now and again. But this week I have heard it three times in different pictures. Actually, it is not a bad word. It comes from the days of Catholic England, and is the very old English oath "By our Lady." So, in Shakespeare you find the oath "Gods" which again came from the same source and is the sturdiest over "God's wounds," for men used to stake their reputation by taken an oath upon what they considered sacred.

THIS is merely to introduce the subject of slang which arises out of the filming of "House of Numbers."

Let's pretend you are a fish just arrived at the joint, possibly feeling you were

You would never have been sneezed if some wrong guy had not shot you down. Man, you'd be still on the bricks, your sky-rocket full of bread, making like a hooster.

Now let us translate this American prison jargon. A fish is a new inmate of a prison. He possibly feels he was unjustly arrested. He would never have been caught if some informer had not squealed him. He'd still be outside, his pocket full of money, like a law-abiding citizen.

I find American slang very amusing, and I do not have to scratch my head to wonder what is meant when a character "outs with that thing and resents the insult." Or is given a "Chinese" for the theatre, or calls a yellow short, then clips the jockey.

I'd better explain, "Chinese" is a free pass, called so because it has a hole in the middle as Chinese money used to have. "That thing" is one of the many older terms for a gun. "Yellow short" a taxi, and the jockey is obviously the driver.

BUT all the same I hold that the slang of my native London is the funniest in the world, especially in its rhyming form.

To wit: "I've come to the tail of my linen draper, so I'm going to put the old piano wail and stroy, and Jack Jones it over to Hongkong."

Can you provincials translate that?

## NEW FILMS AT A GLANCE

SHOWING

QUEEN'S & ALHAMBRA: "House of Numbers." MGM's escape drama actually filmed in San Quentin. Jack Palance with Louis Jourdan, Belinda Lee, and Keith Mitchell.

LEE & ASTOR: "The Helen Morgan Story." A true tale of the "Roaring Twenties" along with Anne Rice, Paul Newman, with Richard Carlson.

KING'S & PRINCESS: "Spanish Affair." A colourful romance of the modern Carmen type of story. Carmen Sevilla, Richard Kiley, and Jose Guardiola.

COMING

QUEEN'S & ALHAMBRA: "The True Glory." The true record of the Second Front from D-Day to VE-Day.

LEE & ASTOR: "Bombers B-52." A full-scale American Air Force drama. Karl Malden, Efrem Zimbalist, and Natalie Wood.

KING'S & PRINCESS: "Mister Rock and Roll." Alan Freed in a crazy free-for-all along with Rocky Graziano and Lionel Hampton and his band.

HOOVER & LIBERTY: "Tip on a Dead Jockey." Robert Tay-

lor and Dorothy Malone in the drama of an ex-war pilot tangled with the International Police.

STAR & METROPOLE: "Saint George." George Bernard Shaw's masterpiece brought to the screen by Richard Widmark, Richard Todd, Anton Walbrook, John Gielgud, and Jean Seberg.

ROXY & BROADWAY: "Carrouche." A racy robust story of the pageantry of the age of Louis XVI starring Patricia Roo and Richard Basehart.

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Starring: Howard KEEL & Jane POWELL

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MARTINE CAROL

Caroline's Fancy

TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW

AT 12.30 P.M.

JACK MAHONEY

"SHOWDOWN AT ABILENE"

in Technicolor

TO-MORROW

Rory Calhoun in

"FLIGHT TO HONG KONG"

ORIENTAL MAJESTIC

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821-LAUGHS!

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AT 12.30 P.M.

FRANK SIMMONS

DOUGLAS

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Morning Show To-Morrow 12.30

Grace Kelly in "THE SWAN"

Morning Show To-morrow

"ATTACK"

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EASTMAN COLOR

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MAN OF THE MOMENT



Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

# EVEN THE SANE ARE ROBBED OF TRANQUILLITY

New York. British scientists suggest that the tranquillising drugs tranquillise American mental hospital patients mainly because American mental conditions are such that they'd rob even relatively sane people of their tranquillity.

The suggestion was made in the American Psychiatric Association by three doctors whose investigation showed that one of the most widely used of the drugs had very little effect on extremely untroubled patients in English mental hospitals.

Their results were so completely opposed to the results of many American investigations

of the same drug in American patients that some sort of an explanation was much in order. And so they suggested one.

The drug is reserpine which was the original tranquilliser. Its "main effect" on mental patients "seemed" to the British scientists to be not on the symptoms of the mental disease but on the symptoms which arise as a direct result of the conditions which are imposed on psychiatric patients—overcrowded and locked wards.

## Undoubtedly

"Disturbed" patterns of behaviour would, we suggest, undoubtedly occur in "normal" people under similar conditions," continued Dr. Charles P. Gore, George P. Egan, and Donald Walton. "In short, we are not convinced that reserpine or any other drug currently available can take the place of an enlightened approach to the care of these patients."

# THE MAN WHO WAS TOO KIND

London. Patrick Farrell's trouble is that he is soft-hearted—and that's the reason why he is no longer bailiff of St Pancras Borough Council.

He was fired for "gross inefficiency"—failing to call on people overdue with their public service bills.

"I believe in being kind—in being humane," 57-year-old Patrick explained to the committee which dismissed him. "I like to think I have a kind streak and I used to give people time to pay. I have been told I am too much of a gent."

## NOT PLEASANT

Committee Chairman Ivy Hart said, "We all know a bailiff's job is not a pleasant one. But the Committee were satisfied that the charges of gross inefficiency had been proved."

But Patrick is still smiling—he was given another job with the Council and at the same salary.—United Press.

In Great Britain, they said, mental hospitals are smaller, locked and overcrowded wards do exist but "maximum security" wards are unknown, and there is a growing tendency to abolish all locked wards. They cited a British study which showed that "the unlocking of wards produces results as gratifying and dramatic as those attributed to reserpine."

Their main investigation was with 20 "chronic, intractable" schizophrenics who were "exceptionally difficult nursing problems." Ten were dosed daily with reserpine, and the other ten with an inert but identical-appearing pill. Later the first ten got the dummy pills and the second ten got the reserpine. Thus, there were "controls" in their behaviour patterns and mental condition.

worse," eight were slightly improved, and one greatly improved—but his history showed that he had had previous periods of improvement without benefit of any drug. In both groups, alarming heart reactions developed.

"On the basis of our findings it seems to us that reserpine is in no way curative and has only a limited role to play in psychiatry," they reported to their American colleagues. "Nor should it be overlooked that it is a dangerous drug and may cause depression of suicidal intensity and even cardiac failure due to water retention though given in small doses."—United Press.

# Pinocchio-land Project In Italian Village

By H. V. MACLENNON

Collodi. WOULD you like to tell a fib now and then? That is without your nose growing longer?

You can get special authority here with a "Friend of a Pinocchio" card which permits a holder to tell one lie a week. "It's amazing how many people like to have this

authority," says Florenzo Narducci, director of a Pinocchio-land project. "More than half a million cards were issued during the past year, nearly 10,000 sold in America."

## Telegraphic Tabloids

In answer to a written question Paris Police Chief Andre Lahloune told the one man who shouldn't have to worry about the parking problem for only 184,080 of Paris's 940,000 registered cars.

The questioner's last name is Lagaret which translates, in English as "the parked one."—United Press.

Svendborg. Former Lars Bruun, a cattle breeder, sold a young bull for 17,000 kroner (HK\$16,000). It was one day old.—United Press.

Bonn. Fritz von Loersch, a German seigneur, published the following advertisement in the latest German Nobility Archive. "Wanted. Two well-educated housemaids. Girls may bring their own hopes."—United Press.

London. A personal ad in the London Times. "Today is Daisy's, the Peckinses' sixth birthday. She wishes to send her love to all mankind."—United Press.

Beeston, Norfolk. Farmer Sam Wilberforce has taken such a liking to "gobblies," a 17-pound hen turkey, that he refuses to kill her, and lets her follow him round the farm and even into the farmhouse. Says Mrs Wilberforce: "It's a pity she's not house-trained."—United Press.

Newcastle. Mrs Dorothy Watson, an 89-year-old widow, was fined £25 for shoplifting.—United Press.

# Non-Stop Maternity To Keep Out Of Gaol

Naples. CONCETTA MUC-CARDO, who resorted to non-stop maternity to escape prison, got at least a partial reprieve today.

Concetta's troubles started one day after World War II when she was caught red-handed selling contraband cigarettes. She was unable to pay the fine and was sentenced to gaol.

But she was pregnant so the police agreed to hold off on the gaol term until the baby was born. Umberto, now 11, was the first in a long line of children Concetta produced to keep from going to gaol.

## Timely Births

The timely births of Adellina, Assunta, Gemma, Maria, Giuseppe and Gligino always kept Concetta one step in front of the law.

Last month the police came again—but a baby didn't. Concetta had to go to gaol.

However, the Rome newspaper Messaggero today paid off the aggregate 315,000 lire (HK\$3,030) fine.

But Concetta still is in trouble. During the long baby-gaol-baby routine, baffled police tried to impound her furniture. Concetta succeeded in smuggling it out of the house before police could get their hands on it.

This brought on a 211-day stretch in gaol.

## Impounded

Payment of the fine keeps Concetta from serving the equivalent 785-day gaol term but it does nothing for the 211 for fetching the impounded furniture.

Messaggero noted that Italian President Giovanni Gronchi can pardon her. It called his attention to the case and urged an act of leniency.

While Concetta is in gaol her unemployed husband is stuck with caring for the five oldest children. The two youngest, Giuseppe, 20 months, and Gligino, six months, went to gaol with Concetta.—United Press.

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# Open Wide Now...Ah-h-h



# MONEY BACK IF HE PULLS OUT WRONG ONE

Pnom-Penh. Pavement dentists still flourish in Cambodia, and most of them operate on the sidewalk. The travelling dentist sets up his little surgery on a busy street, and displays boxes of teeth he has extracted in the past to show the passer-by he knows his business.

Today he is able to buy chromium-plated instruments instead of those made of iron by the blacksmith. Although his instruments may be a little rusty, he explains that they are only in your mouth a few seconds anyway, and cannot do much harm in such a short time.

Touching on the question of antiseptic, the dentist will tell

you that this is the very stuff which causes the rust. He takes his time to examine the tooth of his clients, and probes every tooth, until he comes to an agreement with the patient that they have found the tooth which is causing the trouble. If by some misfortune the wrong tooth has been extracted the dentist will take the responsibility and hands back the money.

Many dentists claim that they have been swindled many times by unscrupulous clients over this system, but those are the rules laid down many centuries ago and they are still in force.

Having haggled over the price, which is another of the rules, they get down to the job and

...hings...the tooth is out, and added to the collection. If it has a gold filling he may make an offer for it, but if not the client gets it back.

The Cambodian pavement dentist never pulls a tooth out with his back facing the roadway. Legend has it that once upon a time a pavement dentist was struggling with a molar when suddenly it came free with the result that the dentist staggered back and fell into the road and was trodden on by a passing elephant.

Photo shows the pavement dentist giving a patient an injection by hypodermic syringe to deaden the pain, in Cambodia.—Keystone.

# Millionaires And Workers

By H. V. MACLENNON

Torre del Mare. THIS is one of the most unusual seaside resorts in the world. It is a dream project, a "millionaires paradise" for millionaires and workers.

Torre del Mare is a narrow promontory near the coastal town of Borgoglio in north Italy not far from the French Riviera. Before work began on the resort there was just a small sandy beach below a high rocky cliff. Now there are strange glass villas perched among the rocks and several apartment buildings atop the promontory.

## SO UNUSUAL

A small island off Torre del Mare is also part of the resort and it is this island which makes the project so unusual. Torre del Mare was started by Milan industrialist and sportsman Pierina Tizoni. One day, a few years ago, he stood on the high rocky coast of Borgoglio and looked out across the bay at the small island. Tizoni said then he would give half his life to possess it.

# Paradise

"Now that it is mine," he adds, "I want to share it with other people."

First part of the project was to extend the small beach to about 1,000 square feet. A section of it was covered for night swimming and another covered area was made for children.

## INDUSTRIALISTS

Tizoni, together with other industrialists, bought up the whole promontory as well as the island. Shrubs, olive and pine trees were put down in every available space and terraced along the side of the promontory cliff.

A podium was made on the beach extending out to sea and besides being an excellent promenade for evening walks, it was also planned for fashion parades.

The podium ends in a modern restaurant the floor of which is made of glass. While people are eating they can view a wonderful underwater garden of tropical plants and coral which were brought from many parts of the world.

Everything at Torre del Mare is of a radical design. Shops and markets are on top of the angular, rounded apartment buildings and reached by special elevators. Most of the villas are on stilts to conform with the rocky terrain. Whole sides of some of these villas are made of glass.

## SUB-TUR

But perhaps the most unusual sight at Torre del Mare will be the "Sub-Tur". This is a submarine autobus which was recently patented on a design-idea worked out by Tizoni. He wanted some kind of fast communication system with his island and the "Sub-Tur" was the result.

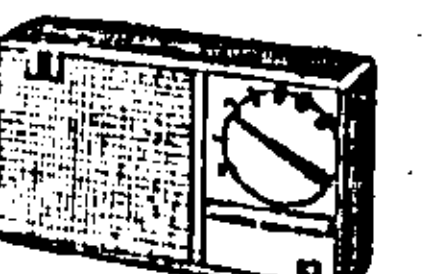
It is a 60-seat autobus with the roof and sides made of a strong transparent plastic. The "Sub-Tur" will run along a rail track on the sea-bed from the promontory to the island. It will cost about US\$1,200,000 and will include two underwater terminals in the middle of the tropical garden near the podium restaurant.

Further details of the "Sub-Tur" operation have been kept secret. It is hoped to sail the track to other resorts to cover the high cost of its construction.—United Press.

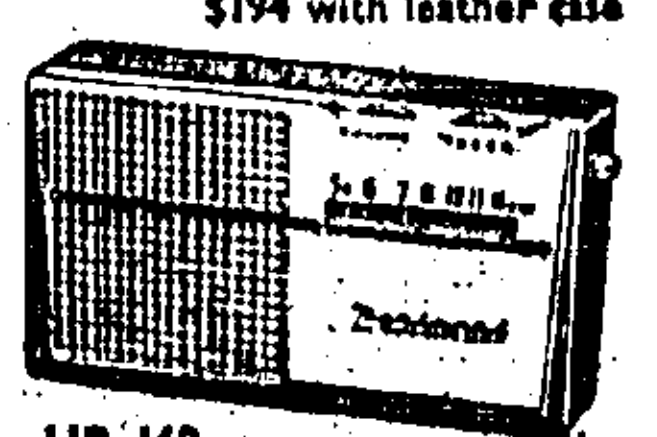
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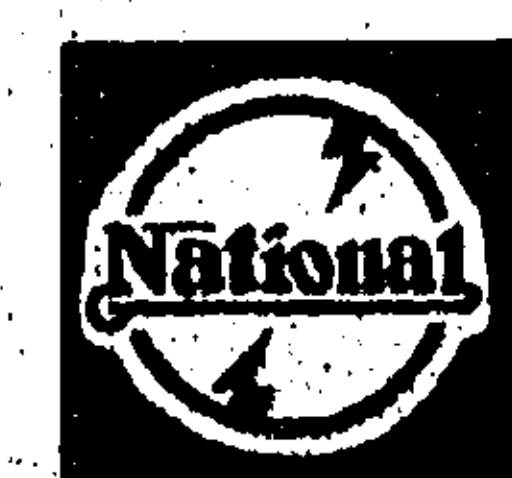


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# HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



LEFT: Sir HUGH FOOT, Governor of Cyprus, seen on his arrival in London for talks with the Government on a peace plan for the island. He said that what had most encouraged him was that everyone was fed up with the situation and anxious to get out of it. But he warned that this did not mean that the problem would be easily solved.



DENNIS HAMILTON (estranged husband of Diana Dors) and actress Sandra Dorne look at the charred woodwork of his £6,000 boat at Maldenhead. Arson is suspected by the police.



Inside this car which drew up one Monday morning at Swaffam Market were (from left) Princess Margaret, the Queen, and Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother. They stayed for five minutes, smiling and chatting—as the West Norfolk Hunt held its traditional Christmas Meeting.

LEFT: Dawn Palethorpe, British rider and show jumper, and fiancé Warren Wofford... US show jumper. She says "After my marriage, if I am considered good enough, I shall ride for the British team and Warren for the United States."



RIGHT: DOM MINTOFF, Malta's "cut all ties," Prime Minister seen leaving No. 10 Downing Street after a recent visit.

LEFT: Girls who announce TV in Britain for the world-wide Christmas TV link-up. From the left Austria, Holland, Switzerland, Luxembourg, Italy, Germany, Belgium, France, and Denmark.



Members of the Bournemouth Spartan Swimming Club take their annual Christmas morning dip... cold shingle, deserted sands, an icy sea. But all the better for the appetite, yule logs, and brandy punch.

RIGHT: "MONTY" opens the boat show at Olympia—seen at the stand of the Peterborough Diesel Engine Co. with Mr T. H. R. Perkins.



Mr WILLIAM TREW (61), driver of the Lewisham express which crashed and killed 90 people on December 4, arrives at County Hall, London, for the inquest.



## NANCY

By Ernie Bushmiller



## BLACK MAGIC



the finest chocolates in the world

RIGHT: Young Jim Brennan (7) committed most of the offences in the book in his mile-and-a-half drive before he crashed his uncle's van into Washington (County Durham) Police Station. Starting was easy. Changing gear was easy too. And he could just reach the accelerator with a stretch. Chief difficulty was he couldn't see. Passing motorists thought it was a driverless van.



**DURING** the past few months they've been showing another fight film—but this one is different. Usually they set out to try to prove how dirty the glove game can be. Script-writers are allowed to let their imaginations run riot. But this film shows how boxing came to the rescue of a New York slum kid and saved him—from himself!

It has the descriptive title of "Rocky Graziano" and is based on the life of Rocky Graziano, one of the most destructive punchers of all time, who was world's middleweight champion less than 10 years ago.

The film provides a procession of colourful personalities, but no one quite like Rocky.

His real name was Rocco Barbelli. He was born in a draughty tenement flat, the fifth child of impoverished Italian parents, but only the second to live for a few months.

His father had been a third-rate fighter and was rarely in a job. The Barbelli family lived mainly on plain macaroni, and the kids were always hungry. Rocky learned to steal food at about the same time as he learned to walk.

He developed his thieving at school, stealing pencils and the milk money. Then he teamed up with another kid and they systematically robbed lorries passing through the East Side, scrambling on the moving vehicles and throwing off crates of merchandise which they sold to the local fauna.

He had reached the tender age of 12 when first arrested. He and his pal were applying screwdrivers to the slot machines in the Underground, and a plain-clothes policeman caught them red-handed.

From there on he graduated through every category of reform school, the measure of correction increasing as his sterling activities grew more enterprising.

All he learned from the reforms in confinement was the penalty for being caught. Being tough and entirely unrepentant, he used his fists when in a tight corner. Soon he had gained the reputation of being the local terror with no respect whatsoever for law and order.

## Momma

His thought to cheer her up by bragging that he had just come out of "solitary" for knocking out a warder. But she burst into tears.

"Even in gaol you're bad," she cried. "This is the last time I'm coming to see you. If you go to gaol again I'll disown you."

These words broke through the hard core around Rocky's heart more than all the beatings they had given him in prison.

"I'll go straight after this, Momma, I promise you," he told her. And he meant what he said.

But the rest of the world wasn't prepared to let him get off so lightly. No sooner had he served his sentence and was free to start a new life when he was called up for the Army.

Rocky couldn't believe it. He had escaped one form of

## ZANIES OF THE RING—13

restriction only to be swept into another. And he hadn't even realised there was a war on.

Never having known discipline how could they expect to make a soldier of him?

He slugged out a corporal who ordered him to pick up a clarinet stub, then hurried the same treatment to the captain who was about to punish him.

Before any higher authority could try taming him Rocky ran away. He went back to the East Side and, for the first time in his life, he was lonely.

But he still wanted to keep his promise to his mother and make some honest money. He knew that some guys got big dough for, belting out other guys. Well, he could do that.

He was a sensation! One look at the way he knocked out a trial opponent and they decided here was a little goldmine. Rocky was amazed how simple it was. He just stormed into his rivals, and knocked them spark out. It was as easy as that.

But it couldn't last. To avoid discovery he had changed his name to Rocky Graziano, but someone gave him away. He was in the dressing-room, waiting to go on, when the M.P.'s took him. He was sentenced to a year in prison for desertion and striking a superior officer.

But Rocky was changing. During those few pro, bouts he had won a first-round victory over himself—his lawless inner being. In the military prison he had time to think it over.

When he was dishonourably discharged from the Army he felt certain that if he was to escape the electric chair his salvation would be the roped square.

Fortunately he found in Irving Cohen a manager who understood him. In three years he ran up an amazing record and established himself as the leading contender for

the middleweight championship. Graziano's special brand of ring savagery thrilled the fans. They flocked in to see him pound opponents into the realm. They rose to him as he sent them flying with his crushing fists.

Now he was proud to be a "legitimate" guy. He had money honestly come by. He had no need to run for his life after knocking someone out. Even the cops gave him a welcoming nod.

He married a Brooklyn girl, and "What d'ya know?—I'm a father!" He moved out of the East Side when his old, thug pals tried to get him back into the gang. He was respectable like other people.

His fight with Tony Zale for the championship at the Yankee Stadium brought nearly 40,000 fans through the turnstiles to see the greatest slugger match in living memory.

There was no science, no ringcraft. They stood toe-to-toe and slammed, and the crowd roared encouragement. The champion was made of steel, but that didn't prevent Rocky from knocking him flat in the second round.

But Zale wouldn't stay down. He got up to catch the oncoming Rocky with sickening smashes beneath the ribs.

But by the sixth round the challenger was ready for the "kill".

And then sensation. A whirling left hook exploded like a bomb on Graziano's chin, and he had been knocked out for the first time in his life.

Of course, there had to be a return fight, but before it could be brought off Rocky found himself in trouble again. The Boxing Commission accused him of failing to report a bribe offer and Graziano, completely innocent of the charge, made a huge defence.

Of course he had been approached to throw fights, what fighter hadn't? Guys were always hanging round a gym hoping to earn a fast buck that way.

But he never took this particular bribe because he didn't go through with the fight. He'd hurt his back and pulled out.

Then his guardian angel prompted a Chicago promoter into action and Rocky got his second opportunity to win the title.

They lifted his suspension in Illinois specially for the occasion.

His grandmother was taking no chances. Immediately after the weigh-in she grabbed Rocky from the fight mob and took him into a nearby church. Together they knelt and prayed for victory.

In the fight defence was once again flung to the winds and Zale gave his rip-roaring rival such a hammering that, at the end of the third round, the referee decided that Rocky could go up just once again,

**ROCKY GRAZIANO bleeding from a cut on the nose, bobs in to kill.**

but no more. He thought Graziano was in danger of being killed.

Rocky left his corner with the fixed intention of selling his life dearly. He fought in a mist of his own blood, with one eye completely closed and his body so wracked with pain that he wanted to lie down and sleep.

Yet he knew he dare not stop punching. He must force those slugging arms to hook and swing before they stopped the fight.

Suddenly he felt a sharp slap across his face and focussing his sound eye, found he was fighting his trainer. It was all over. Zale was being picked off the ropes, a battered, unconscious hulk. Rocky was champion of the world.

He returned to the East Side as a hero. They lined the roads, banners were flying, men, women and children were cheering. He sat in an open car, his wife by his side, a strip of plaster over one eye and a grin a mile wide.

He had come up the hard way and at the age of 23, had made it. From an outcast he had become a respectable citizen. He had beaten Rocco Barbelli, the thief, thug and gambler, with his two flaming fists.

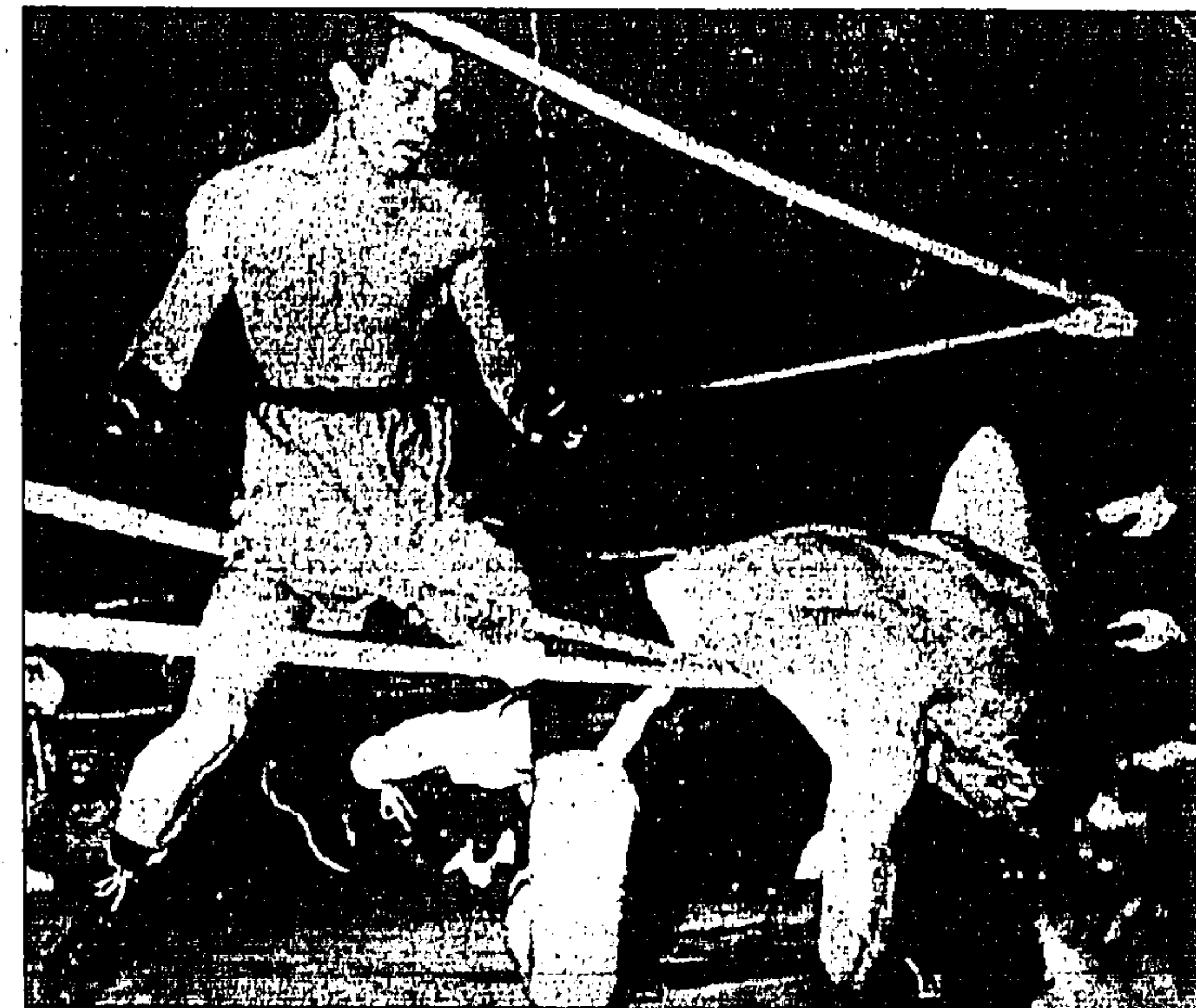
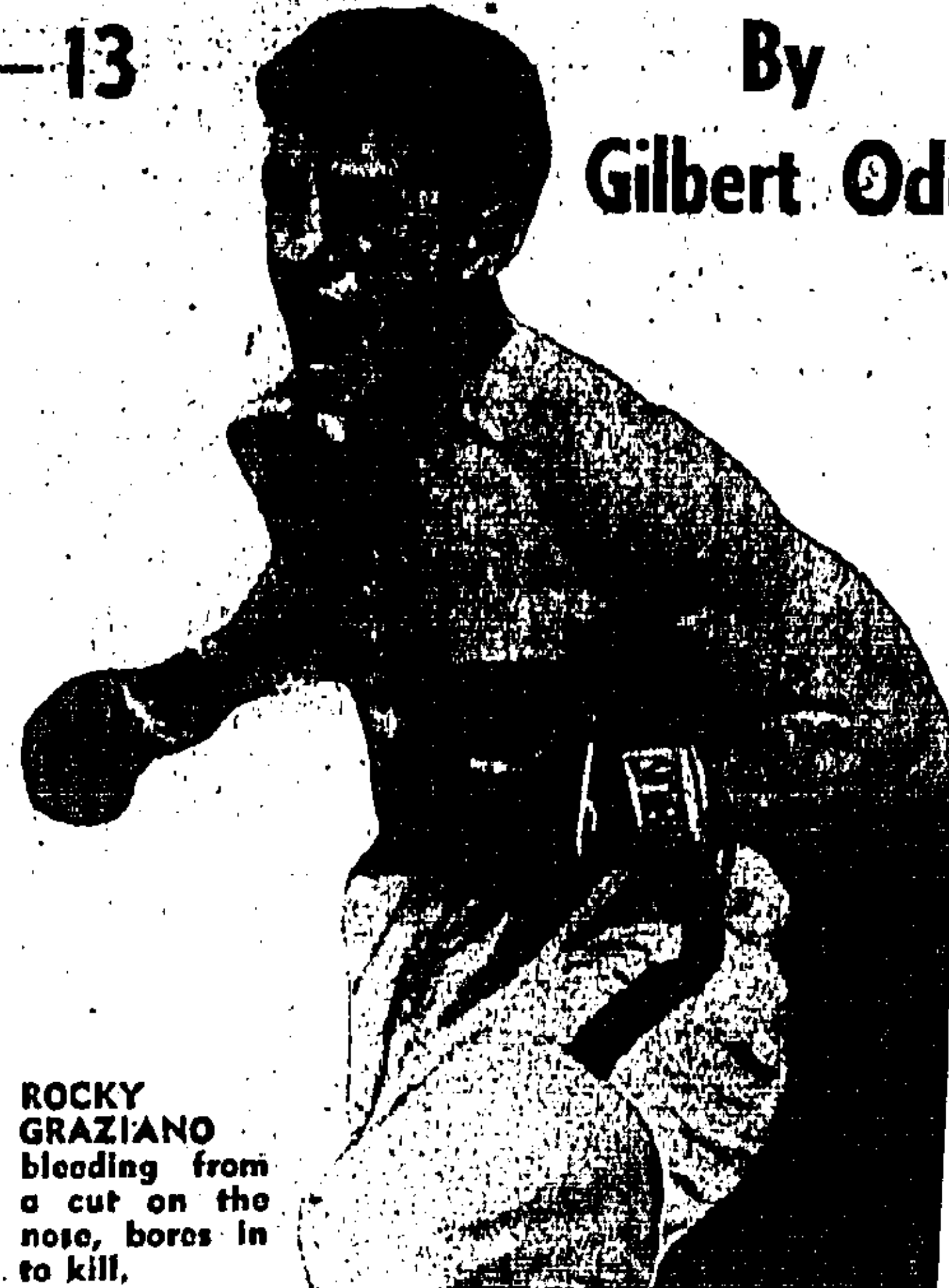
Turning to his wife and pointing to the cloudless sky, he said: "As I always say, Norma. Somebody up there likes me. Somebody appointed a screwball angel to be my special lookout. That's the way it figures from the kind of life I was born into and what has happened to me since."

## One Buck

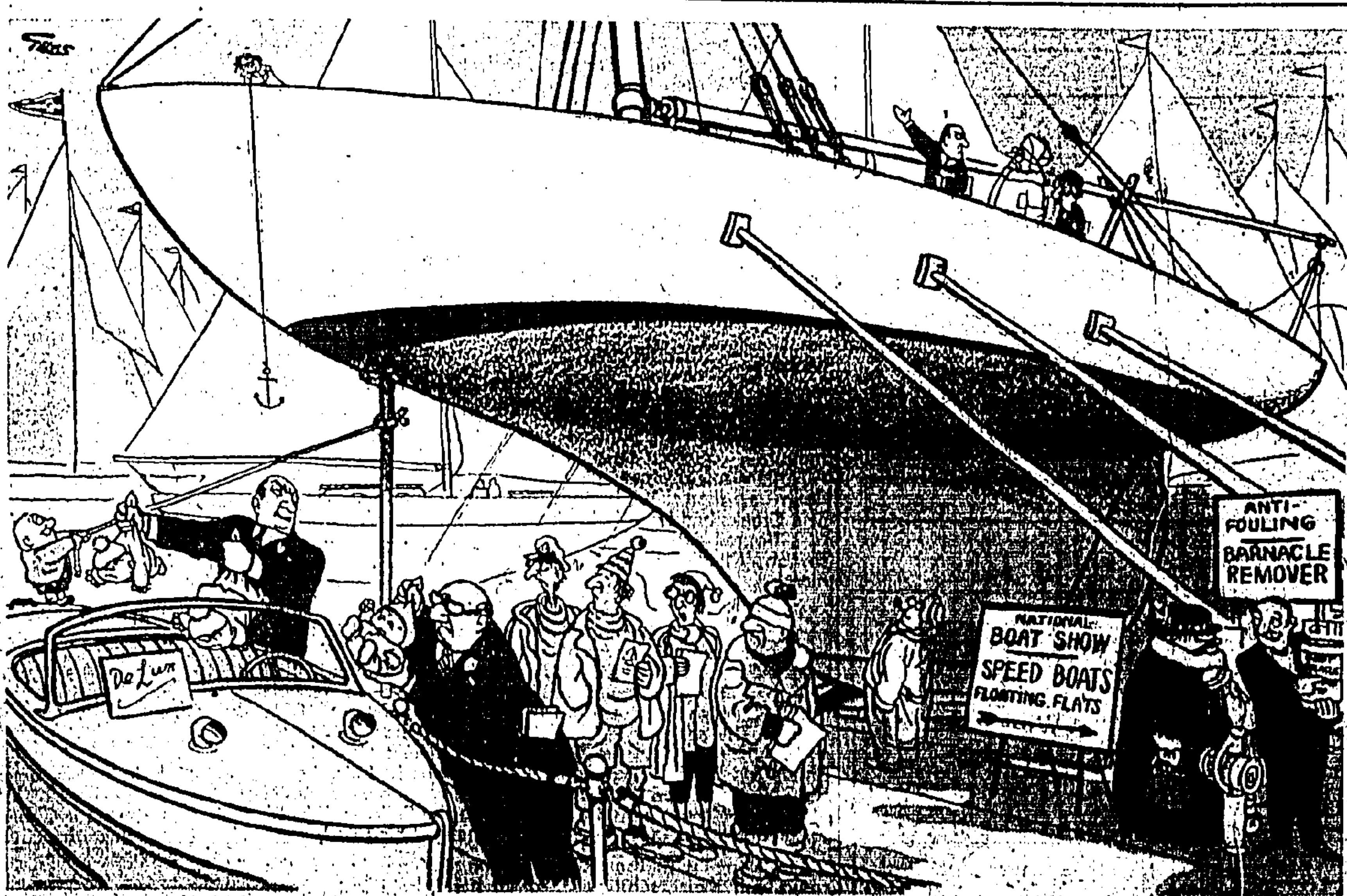
BUT Rocky's tenure of the world title was destined to be short—less than a year, in fact. His reign as champion was anything but happy.

A smart newspaper man spread the story that the new world middleweight champion was an ex-convict and had been dishonourably discharged from the Army when there was a war on.

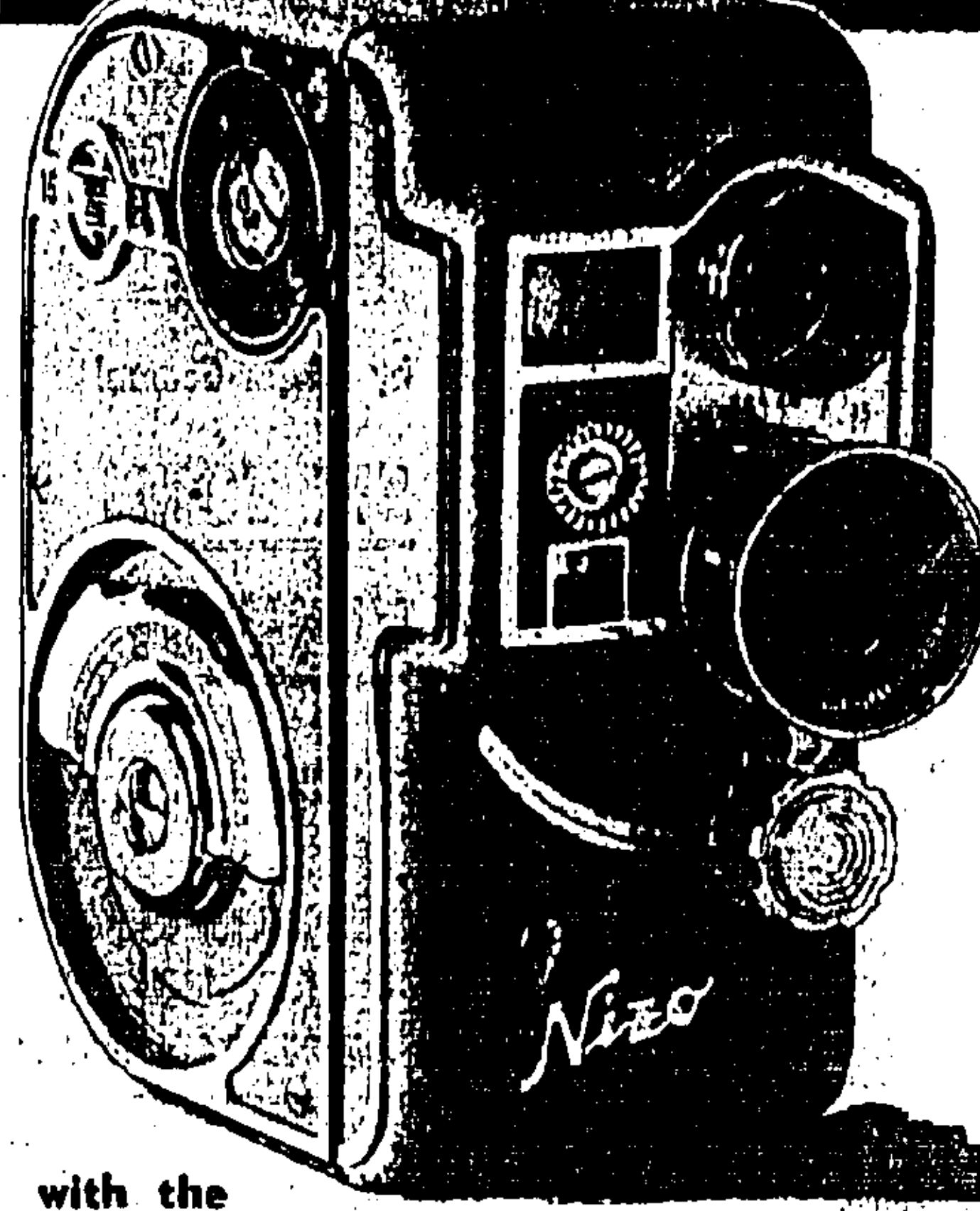
By **Gilbert Odd**



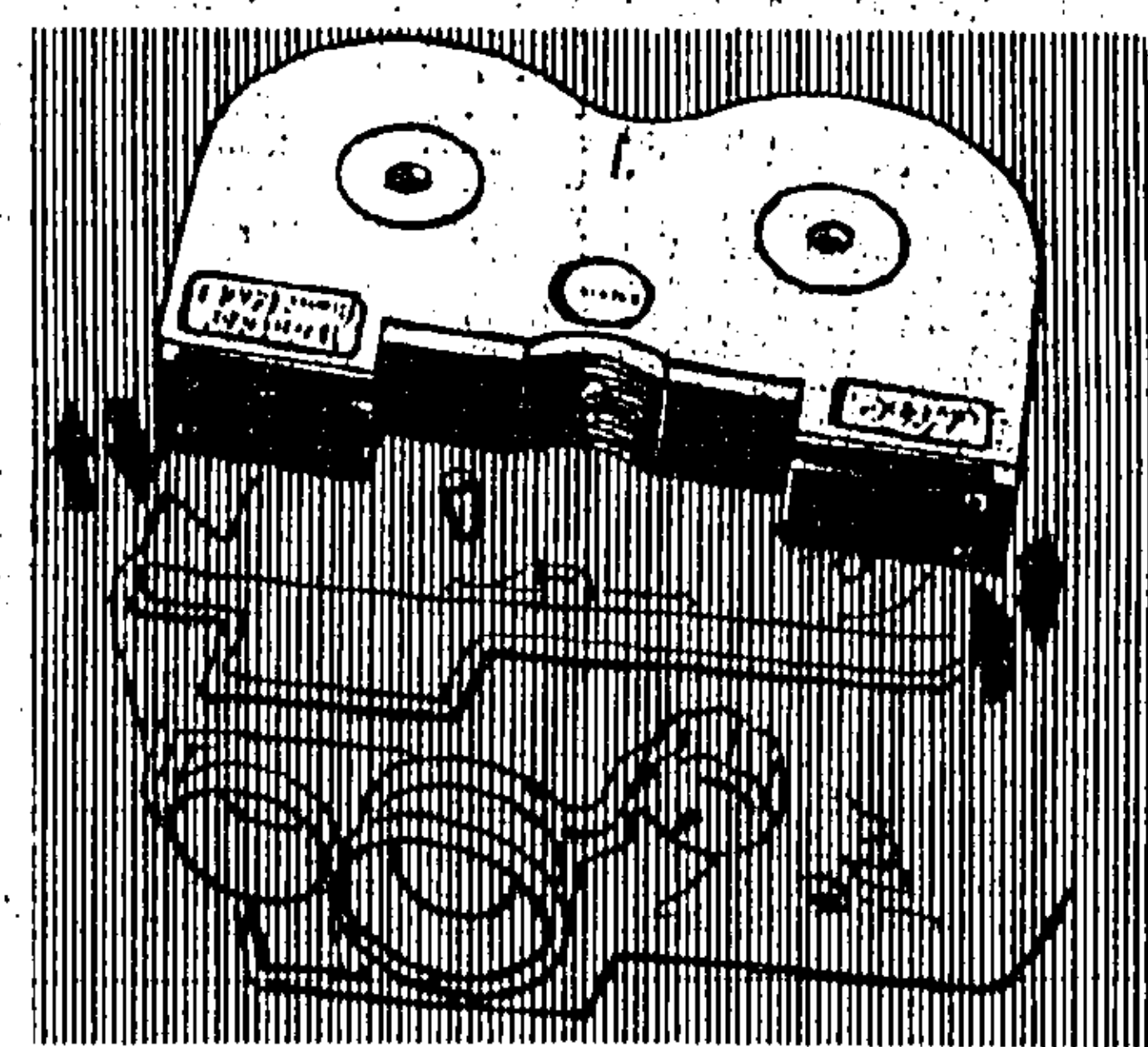
Rocky Graziano begins his comeback with a second round win over Claus (right) hanging over ropes at the end of the contest.



"Coleridge said it right—Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs Upon the slimy sea."



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## Pay Off

ALAS, all the "killer" instinct had gone out of Graziano for good. The rubber match with Zale started off with all the ferocity of its predecessors, with both sluggering their hardest in the hopes of landing a pay-off punch.

It was Zale who got there first. In the third round he cracked the rushing Rocky with a left hook that almost tore the champ's head from his shoulders.

Once again the lights blazed for Graziano, but this time he was the only one who saw them. For the second time the steel-fisted Zale had knocked him cold.

But Rocky was rich. His earnings from the fight had been \$120,000, something like £40,000. More important, however, was the fact that finally he had left his old shameful life behind.

He boxed for another four years, until Ray Robinson blasted his ideas of making a comeback by stopping him in three rounds, and then, thanks to actress Martha Raye, he became a television star.

She wanted a stooge for her show, and Rocky was just the type for the job. He fitted into the comic role as if he had been made for it—a striking contrast to the savage "killer" who had thrilled the fans with his explosive punching and won his way to the top by sheer strength and fury.



## CHURCHILL SPREAD OUT HIS FINGERS AND SAID:

## DO YOU PLAY POKER?

Here is a hand to win the war

IN February 1941 I received an invitation to stay a night at Ditchley, Mr Ronald Tree's country house near Oxford. It was here that the Prime Minister spent week-ends when the moon was bright, as Chequers was considered too dangerous at such times.

I motored down from London on the 15th and when I arrived at that most beautiful of houses I found Mrs Tree, Lady Diana Cooper, Miss Mary Churchill and Mr Bruce, an American, all having tea together in the drawing-room.

We were to dine at 8.30, and when we had assembled, the Prime Minister appeared, looking cheerful and fresh. He talked to me for a little, and then we went into dinner; Lady Diana Cooper sat on the Prime Minister's right, and I next to her.

## GOOD SPIRITS

Mr Churchill was in good spirits and his conversation was scintillating. When the ladies had gone, he began to sing, waving his cigar in time to the tune:

"I went in to pay the bill,  
But, instead, I took the ill.  
My wife and kids were  
starving."

When the brandy came round I refused it. Churchill turned to me and said: "Ah, you are one of those abstemious fellows, are you? Well, I can only tell you that I have always found liquor of the greatest assistance to me—all my life."

When he continued to talk of food and drink, I told him I remembered reading in one of his books a description of the wagon in which he had travelled in South Africa, and how he had had it fitted with a double bottom in which to stow supplies. "Yes," he replied, "our arrangements were excellent."

## 'AFTER YOU'

The Duke of Marlborough joined us after dinner with some other men who were staying at Blenheim and at other houses in the neighbourhood. When we went to join the ladies Churchill insisted on the Duke preceding him as we walked out, saying: "The head



by Major-General

**SIR JOHN  
KENNEDY**

Director of Military Operations  
1940-45, Assistant Chief of  
Imperial General Staff (Operations  
and Intelligence) 1945-48.

PORT FOR THE  
ADMIRAL AT 2 AM

of the family must go before the Prime Minister."

Someone remarked that he had visited Blenheim during the afternoon, and had seen the room where the Prime Minister was born. "Yes," he said, "I chose it, my mother intended that I should be born in London. But I elected otherwise, and I arrived a month—no more than a month—before my time, while she was staying at Blenheim."

Soon the lights were put out and we sat down to see some films. First came a newsreel, in which we saw Churchill inspecting troops, in a rector jacket and yachtsman's cap, an Italian propaganda film depicting Mussolini making a speech, and, finally, a thriller. After that, we talked in the drawing-room until, at last, the Prime Minister went off to bed at 1.30 a.m.

I had not been to a party on such a splendid scale for a long time. It was delightful, and the war seemed very remote.



The Premier sat up in bed while I reviewed the war situation from notes on a postcard.

I was about this time that the Prime Minister offered the First Sea Lord a whisky and soda, at 2 a.m., at one of the late sittings of the Defence Committee. "I never drink spirits in the morning," said Dudley Pound. "I'll have a glass of port."

Next morning, February 16, I was summoned to the Prime Minister's bedroom at about 10.30. He had warned me at dinner the night before that he would do so, and that he wanted a general review of the situation. He was sitting up in bed in his famous gaily-patterned dressing-gown, with dragons, smoking a long cigar.

Heaps of files and papers lay on the bed, and several telephones were on a table beside him. He said he hoped I did not mind his all-nighter, and offered me a cigar. I told him I had brought no papers—only a map, which I spread on the bed.

## MY VIEWS

From some notes on a postcard, which I had made over my morning tea, I reviewed the whole situation as it appeared to me. He listened attentively throughout, stopping me occasionally to discuss various points at greater length. When we came to the Balkans he seemed particularly interested; I gave

him my views frankly and, to my surprise, he did not argue, but to my surprise he argued most reasonably, and even seemed to accept my point of view. I was puzzled by this, remembering with what ardour he had pressed for a forward policy at recent meetings of the Defence Committee.

When we had finished talking about strategy, he spoke of the Chief of the Imperial General Staff, General Sir John Dill. He said that although Dill had many excellent qualities he had one great failing: he allowed his mind to be too much impressed by the enemy's will; if I did not agree with this, of course, and thought to myself that Dill's powers of resistance to Churchill's will were proof enough of his moral courage. But I felt it was much too delicate a subject for me to discuss, and remained silent.

After we had been talking for nearly three hours, Mrs Churchill came in to say that she was going over to Blenheim for luncheon. The Prime Minister reached out for the big

gold watch on the table beside his bed, and knocked it on to the floor. Mrs Churchill picked it up, put it to her ear, and reported, in a phrase which took my fancy, "His little heart is beating quite strongly; it's all right." And Churchill breathed a sigh of relief.

I also left his room, most pleasantly surprised and considerably relieved at the way in which my four d'haroon had been accepted. Never again was I to find him so easy.

General Sikorski and the Polish Ambassador came to luncheon, and afterwards Duff Cooper and I were hauled in to attend their talk with the Prime Minister. It went on for two hours, and ranged over such subjects as the employment and the equipment of the Polish forces, and the disposal of the Polish gold reserves.

Churchill spoke fluently and expressively in schoolboy French. He was stumped at one moment, when he was trying to liken the Germans in Europe to maggots in a cheese, we all knew fromage all right, but not even Duff Cooper could interpret "maggots." The Polish Ambassador came to our rescue.

One of Churchill's phrases sticks in my mind. He held up his hand with the fingers spread out, and said: "Do you play poker? Here is the hand that is going to win the war: A



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Royal Flush—Great Britain, the Sea, the Air, the Middle East, American Aid.

I had meant to go back to London that night, but the Prime Minister pressed me to stay. Sunday evening was a repetition of Saturday, and we were treated to another brilliant display of conversation—if a monologue can be so called.

He said, among other things, that after the war he would give a lecture on strategy at the Imperial Defence College. "It will be all animal stories—nothing else. You remember



DUFF COOPER

"A thoroughbred harnessed to a dung-cart."

how Foch said: 'I am like a parrot—un perrotet. First I grasp with my beak, then with one claw'—and so on. Then there is the tiger sprawled and the tiger crouched. I once had a horse that got badly rubbed in a ship coming over from Ireland. The inside of one hind leg was quite raw. It

would have kicked a man's brains out if he had tried to doctor it. The vet put a twitch on its nose, and then he could rub the leg with disinfectant and do anything he liked, while the horse stood trembling. That illustrates the initiative. I told them that story at the time of Gallipoli. Once you grab the enemy by the nose, he will be able to think of nothing else."

Changing the subject, he went on: "I have never known a case of a great athlete being a great general—being a man ever been a good general. The only exception might be in the Italian army, where a general might find it useful to be a good runner."

At one point the conversation turned to Turkey. I said something about the Turks being a very doubtful quantity, and that their decision on entering the war or keeping out would turn entirely on what they considered to be their own interest. "Yes," he said, "it is nearly always so with nations, but not with the Americans. They are moving into the war by sentiment. I could make out a very strong case to show why it would pay America to keep out."

Speaking of the decisions that had been taken in the war, he said the two hardest were, first, to keep the fighter aircraft out of France, and second, to send the tank and other reinforcements to Egypt at a time when invasion still seemed likely.

THE  
BUSINESS  
OF WAR

To Brendan Bracken (who was then the Minister of Information) he said: "You seem to be getting on very well with the Press. One always has to try to match the man to the job. When Duff was appointed I thought he was exactly the man for it. I said to myself: 'Here is a man with a one war record, with experience of politics and government, and a fine reputation as a writer. He is just the man for it.' And what happened? He failed completely. It just shows that it doesn't do to harness a thoroughbred to a dung-cart."

One would not have thought that either Duff Cooper or Bracken would care for this much, but they both took it cheerfully.

## NEXT WEEK

Generals say "No"  
(London Express Service)

## COMMENTARY . . . . . BY FRANK OWEN

OBSERVE that picture of Prime Minister Winston Churchill, abed, late in the morning, as his Service critics in Whitehall used to complain.

It is 10.30 a.m. and already piles of papers and files lie on the bed, which is really his working desk. Now he is asking his visitor from the War Office, General Kennedy, Director of Military Operations for a real review of the war. Churchill shows especial interest in what is going on in the Balkans.

Here, since the autumn of 1940, the Greeks had been fighting the Italians in the mountain border land of Albania—and had given them a thorough hiding! The Greeks had been helped, to a limited extent, by the British Middle East Command.

For on the Italian invasion of Greece, which began this little war, General Sir Archibald Wavell, C-in-C Middle East, had at once despatched an RAF Fighter Squadron there. This action had been endorsed next day by the Chiefs of Staff in London, and even fortified by them, for they ordered up three more squadrons.

But along with the RAF crews and their technicians, had gone anti-aircraft gun

batteries and infantry forces to guard the airfields, as well as engineer, supply and medical units.

## Committed

We were already pretty well committed in Greece before, in January 1941, on pressure from Churchill, the Greek government were invited to say, if they would like more artillery and some armoured troops, too. Because at that point, they were anxious to avoid offering any provocation to the Nazis, the Greek government replied NO!

But by February, a new government had taken over in Athens, largely controlled by General Papagos, C-in-C of the Greek army. He said YES!—if attacked.

So off to Athens flew Mr Anthony Eden, then Secretary of State for War, and General Sir John Dill, then Chief of Imperial General Staff. In Egypt General Wavell was warned that he would have to provide further reinforcements from his already not too ample reserves. He protested, but like Dill, who had also begun by resisting more commitments in the Balkans, Wavell later changed his mind.

General Kennedy, on the other hand, held fast. From the start, he had been

against any substantial defection of strength from our hard-pressed troops in the Western Desert, and he continued so to the end.

Interesting, then to read now how patiently Winston Churchill, who was so fervently in favour of a much bigger intervention in the Balkans, listened to his arguments. It shows that Winston, resolute as he was in his own particular desires, was not unwilling to hear the other side of the case, if it was put up to him in terms that went beyond a blank negotiation.

## Two questions

The Prime Minister had certainly had a hard fight with his Service Chiefs advisers on those two questions of

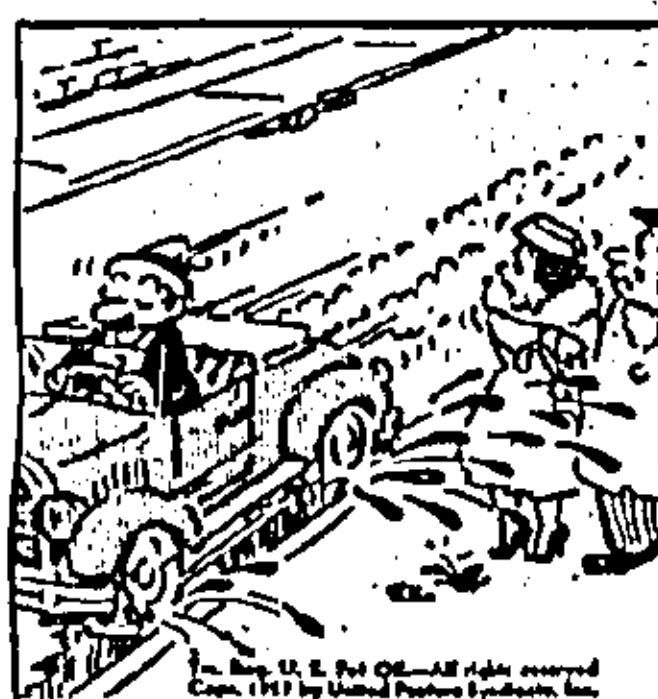
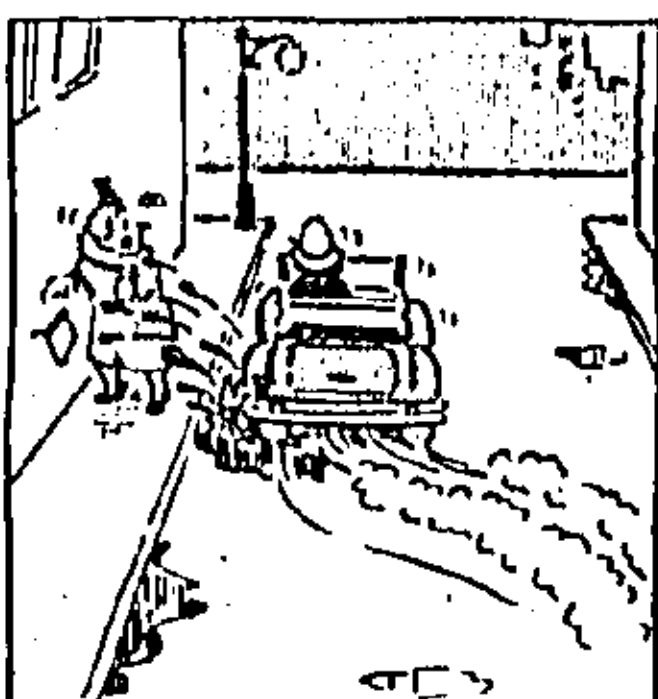
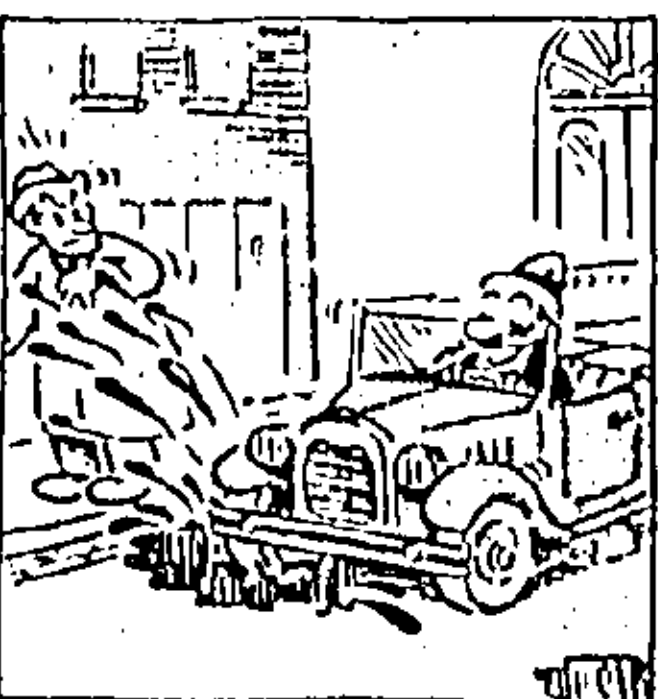
(1) Holding back our fighter aircraft from the Battle of France for the Battle of Britain;

(2) Sending tanks and other reinforcements away from home to Egypt at a time when the invasion of Britain was still reckoned to be very much on the cards.

It was, indeed, a big risk in both events. Well, twice: Winston Churchill took it—against the counsel of the Service Chiefs.

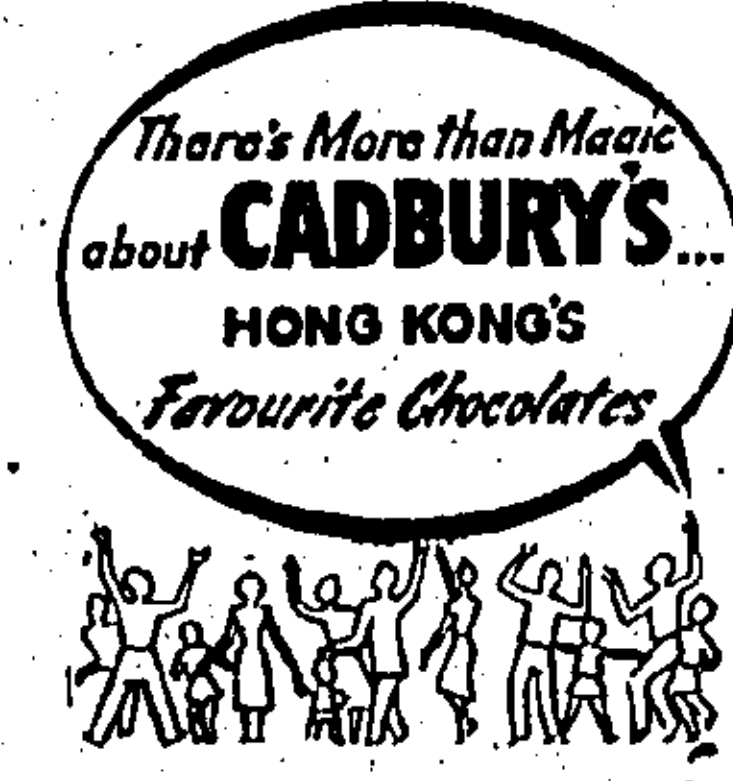
And it was Winston who turned out to be right.

## FERD'NAND



## MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

By Lee Falk and Phil Davis



## JOHNNY HAZARD

By Frank Robbins





# Is CHURCHILL a millionaire?

WITH Sir Winston Churchill still a centre of argument at 83, I hazard the guess that this great man has added one more distinction to the many he has achieved over the years. I suggest that he is the only man in Britain who has earned £1,000,000 since the war.

Of course there are at least a dozen who have made a million. They are the big share speculators, the eager buyers and sellers of properties, the specialists in "take-over" deals.

With inflation oiling the wheels their millions have piled up smoothly in the form of tax-free capital profits.

But EARNING a million is a far tougher proposition. It implies an earned income averaging £80,000 a year.

## TREMENDOUS

YOU may doubt whether there is anyone with the genius, application, and good fortune to achieve so tremendous a figure over a period of 12 years.

But there is good reason to believe that Churchill has done this with his books.

Indeed it is possible to establish this astonishing contrast; in the past 12 years Churchill has earned five times as much as a writer as he has drawn from political activity extending over more than half a century.

The comment is often made that Churchill's contribution to Britain's survival cannot be measured in money or paid in pounds. No one disputes that.

Nevertheless I have sought to find out just how much in fact the country has paid him. I find that up to 1939 Churchill averaged less than £3,000 a year in politics. In more than 30 years he drew a total of £92,000.

In his earlier years there were some people who knew that

By  
**BERNARD HARRIS**

he lacked inherited wealth, thought that money shortage might prove a handicap to his political career.

You find an odd reflection of that in 1921. In that year Lord Herbert Vane-Tempest was killed in a Welsh railway accident. He left his kinsman, Winston Churchill, a legacy believed to be £5,000 a year.

"The news that Mr Churchill has come into a considerable fortune has caused great interest in political circles," wrote one commentator, "and the effect on his future position is eagerly discussed."

"He may legitimately aspire to become himself a leader of a party and ultimately Prime Minister. A railway disaster may thus prove to have had a far-reaching effect on British politics."

That forecast proved accurate though the reasons for making it were wrong.

## M.P.'s PAY

I ESTIMATE that since he became Prime Minister in 1940 Churchill has drawn £83,000 from politics.

It could have been more than that. When the electors rejected him in 1945 he drew his £2,000 a year as Leader of the Opposition for only 18 months.

Nor did he draw the ex-Prime Minister's pension of £2,000 a year which was available to him as an alternative. He was content simply with an ordinary M.P.'s pay of £1,000 a year. And when he again became Prime Minister in 1951 he "temporarily" added his salary from £10,000 to £7,000 a year.

Thus the total Churchill has received as politician and statesman over a tremendous epoch-making career of 55 years is of the order only of £175,000.

What a tiny, insignificant sum that is. It is hardly more than twice as much as an ordinary administrative class civil servant can make in an undistinguished career. It represents only 17 years' earnings for the head of a nationalised industry. Certainly it is dwarfed by Churchill's earnings from what began as a spare-time activity—writing.

It was a lucky chance that his parents decided on an Army career for the young Churchill. For it was the urge to earn a few pounds to supplement his father's pay that first caused him to get busy with his pen. From those early efforts blossomed a talent which was to prove a money-spinner unrivalled by any other British author.

## FRONT RANK

THOUGH Churchill wrote, several earlier books, it was the four volumes of *The World Crisis*, published between 1923 and 1928, that established him in the front rank.

And with his soaring reputation as a writer went the ability to command higher fees for newspaper articles than any body else except only Lloyd George.

So we come to 1945 when Churchill started on his monumental history of the Second World War.

Examine the money side of what Churchill called "my personal narrative."

The serial rights were bought by Mr. Henry Luce, the Time-Life publisher, for £250,000.

About 2,000,000 volumes have been sold in Britain, representing a selling price of close on £3,000,000. As Churchill is believed to take a royalty of 10 per cent—against the usual 10 per cent for less distinguished authors—this has brought in a further £450,000.

In addition the book has sold in enormous numbers in the U.S. and in other countries. It has been serialised in newspapers and magazines in 40 countries.

What has been Sir Winston's reaction to the flood of money it has produced?

Almost indifference. "I have little interest in, or need for, the money," he said.

He has therefore put it into a trust fund for the benefit of his grandchildren. No details of the trust have been made available, but if properly planned and laid out no tax would be paid on the money going into it. Accordingly, it must represent an extremely solid fortune for the younger members of the Churchill clan.

## TO CHARITY

OTHER substantial royalties have come in from the several volumes of Churchill's speeches and from the three volumes of *The History of the English-Speaking Peoples*. The initial print order for each volume is believed to have been 150,000, and ultimate sales will be much higher.

In the face of figures like this who can doubt that Churchill has earned the round million since 1945?

Big money too has come to him from other sources. The fund raised by well-wishers to mark his 80th birthday produced £250,000.

Again Churchill kept little or none of it for himself. The great bulk went into a trust to help charities and to endow his home, Chartwell, "as a museum containing relics and mementoes of my long life."

Chartwell itself had already been bought from him by a group of friends—believed to include the late Lord Camrose and Lord Catto.

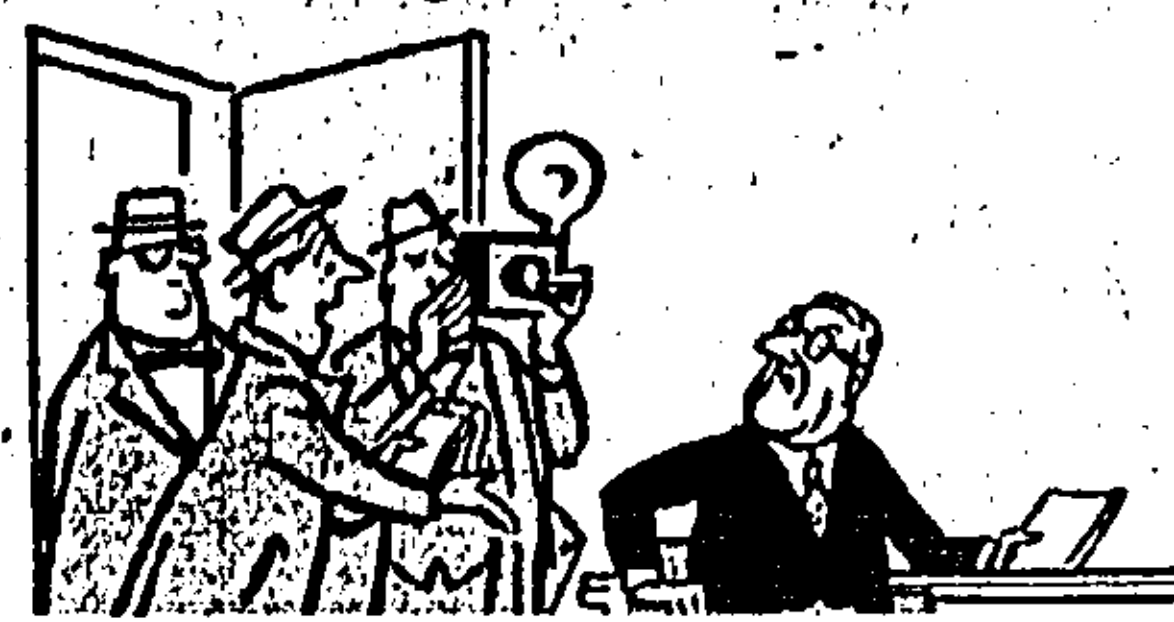
## RIVIERA? ALAS!

It was provided that Churchill and his family should live at Chartwell during his lifetime. Then the house and estate were to be handed to the National Trust to be preserved as a memorial to him.

Against this background of enormously high earnings and valuable gifts I like the remark attributed to Lady Churchill when she was looking at some houses—average price £30,000—on the South of France.

"We would love to buy a villa on the Riviera," she said, "but we cannot afford it."

## New Year Selection



"We've elected you The Politician of Last Year, Mr. Dulles, if you promise it was your last year."



"He's quitting films and going in for politics."



"If the Western scientists could only invent a guided missile that could talk to the Russians, I think Dulles would like that."



"My big sister doesn't know anything about the Bank rate but her diary has some smashing improper disclosures!"

If you appreciate  
precision as well  
as quality

## by Friell



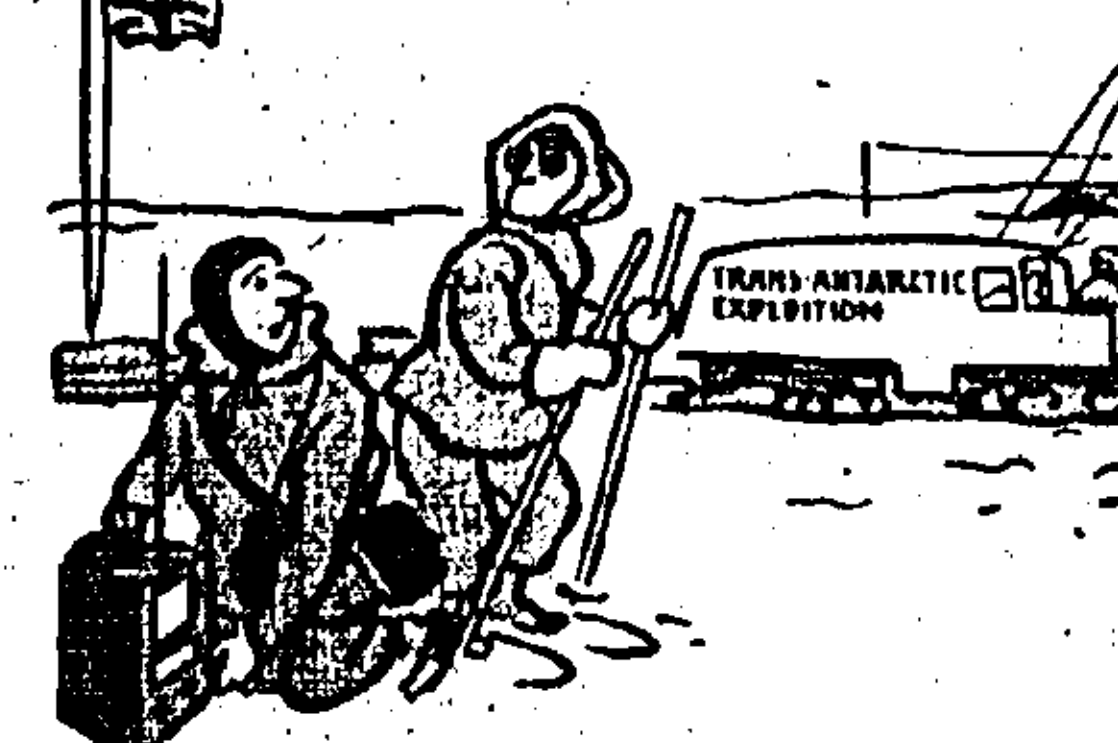
"I was misinformed, my dear, I didn't get made a Knight after all."



"Henry, have you been imbibing Communist propaganda?"



"The first day of Christmas my true love said to me—I'm gonna rock rock around the clock clock clock tonight..."



"All this ballistic missile race out there makes you think—we might be the only people on earth when we get to the South Pole."

**"Hey, you Men of Destiny, stop slandering your wives!"**

THE scene is the top table at an annual dinner. One place among the gleaming white linen and glass is marked with an orchid. Your place. Your turn has come, as it comes to so many of us, to bask in your husband's glory.

He is an honoured guest and he is going to make the speech of the night. Maybe he is the Big Noise in his profession, or he has just been appointed chairman of his local club! maybe he is giving half a million to charity; maybe his employers are giving him a gold watch.

Whatever the reason, you are watching him now, out of the corner of your eye....

The speech, which you heard earlier in the bedroom, suddenly takes an unexpected turn. He pauses and half turns to you. His eyes look a little foggy—with emotion...or could it be cigar smoke?

He is about to do what most men feel compelled to do on these occasions—pay you a public tribute.

"I would never be where I am today without my wife," he says in a firm, quiet voice.

brought home four colleagues and a Chinese to dine off three chops).

And what's more, though you may not be as young as you were, you are, in his eyes, still a queen.

Sitting there in your new dress and his anniversary pearls how do you feel now his accolade is over?

Just about the size of a pin-head? Wishing the floor would open up? Gnashing your teeth on his good pearls?

It's quite clear what his audience is feeling—

That 20 years of marriage to a moron need never come between a man and success.

Of all the half-baked pictures of the "Little Woman" this one from a grateful husband always beats the lot.

No matter how sincere he may be he presents her as a half-wit who did nothing but keep his dinner hot and slippers warm for 20 terrible, smiling years.

Do give us a break you men—hilarious story of the night he of-death.

SYLVIA LAMOND sends a memo to all tycoons

## A good sign

I hope this is a sign that manufacturers are losing their snob complex about colours. The same sign is there, in two other new ranges:—

**KITCHEN EQUIPMENT:** A lovely clear lilac (always considered an expensive colour) at such average prices as 7s. 9d. for a set of three mixing bowls.

**WALLPAPERS:** An excellent pale coffee shade in the 12s.-14s. range...in line with the trend away from shock-colour walls towards a soft background treatment.

I've never understood why a beautiful colour should have to cost more than a nasty one.

But only last week, trying to buy a carpet in a particular pale brown I'd set my heart on, I found it—at £200.

"Madame has very good taste," said the salesman regretfully, when I refused all the muddy browns in his show-room carpet. "This shade is one of our top-price colours."

He didn't know why

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LAN YUEN FONG WATCH CO.	176, DES VOEUX RD, C.
ROSE GON WATCH CO.	80, QUEEN'S ROAD, C.
SHUN HWA WATCH CO.	77, QUEEN'S ROAD, C.
YAI SHING WATCH CO.	184, DES VOEUX ROAD, C.

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# Angry? No—I write for cash (£50,000 A BOOK) says MacLean

Near LUCERNE.

**B**YOND my window in this silent Swiss valley, beyond the silent lake, a sheet of cloud is slowly lifting from the mountains like a safety curtain. Already I can see chalets dotted like toys on the slopes.

Soon I'll see the snow-caked peaks themselves. It is a fascinating scene, but the high attic room where I am typing is more fascinating still. Let me explain why.

It is not because of the furniture. Apart from this desk the room has no furniture, but it is the desk that matters.

On it is a thick wad of typewritten pages.

On the pages are some 98,000 words. Their total value—perhaps £50,000.

For this big wooden house by the Swiss lake was built for the most extraordinary author of our times. This quiet room under the big Swiss eaves is where he taps out those profitable words from 8.30 to five every day.

This is the new home of Mr Alistair MacLean.

Who can blame me for coming out here to visit MacLean? Consider his fantastic story.

**HE WAS BROKE**

Just three Christmases ago he was living with his German wife Gisela and newborn son Lachlan in furnished rooms in Glasgow.

MacLean, then 31, was school-teaching and he was broke. Then in his beautiful new house by the lake Alistair MacLean told me about that winter in Glasgow.

He poured me my fourth whisky ('Just a wee nipper'). He pushed more wood on the fire. 'We've got central heating, but I made them build in a proper fire too.'

## ...BUT BEHIND THE MONEY MOTIVE LIES ANOTHER SPUR...

Looking into the flames he said: 'Things were pretty bad, so when I saw a short story competition in the local paper I had a shot. Purdy for the cash, I need hardly say.'

MacLean's is a quick Scot's voice. 'I wrote that story in an old 1904 Oliver typewriter. The whole place trembled when I pressed the keys. I bought it when I was 17.'

'I had intended writing even then, you know, but I decided there was no money in it. "How wrong I was."

Everyone now knows how wrong MacLean's story not only brought him £100 as first prize. It brought a publisher from Collins to suggest he should write a novel.

MacLean wrote one. He called it *H.M.S. Ulysses*. It earned him at least £60,000.

'By the wood fire I asked, "Did you give up teaching then?"

'Och, no, I waited till they accepted my next book. The *Guns of Navarone*. That wasn't modesty, mind you. Just prudence.'

*Navarone* put up the total MacLean sales to half a million. MacLean decided to move to Switzerland.

When I first arrived in Lucerne I was watching to see how the golden shower had altered MacLean.

Two years ago the Book Society threw a vast party for MacLean. The gossip wrote: 'Mr MacLean was wearing a suit which bagged at the knees.'

Waiting on Lucerne platform was Mr MacLean, wearing a suit which bagged at the knees.

Since then I've noticed only two symbols of success.

One is the new house with central heating. The other a green Mercedes Benz.

As soon as possible Mr MacLean took me out in the Mercedes. We drove up and up across a mountain pass. Clouds hung in the trees like fog.

**JANGLE...BOOM**

He said: 'Isn't this better than sitting and asking a lot of boring questions about books?' This clouds broke. To our left tiny houses could be seen half a mile below. From a vast cliff of rock a waterfall drooped frozen.

I said: 'Has living here affected your writing?' MacLean rounded a hairpin bend. He said: 'The cow bells



"The cow bells were awful noisy at first."

were awful noisy at first," MacLean swept along a precipice. He said: 'Your trouble is you're used to interviewing authors. I'm no author. A real author enjoys writing. I hate it—like all work.'

Mr MacLean made me take a turn at the wheel. Somehow the car got down into Inter-laken. We stopped to admire the Jungfrau looming beyond the red roofs.

I remembered MacLean had been a torpedo operator in the Navy. I said: 'Someone said you wrote *Ulysses* out of anger at the way the Arctic convoys were run.'

MacLean shook his head sadly. 'No, no. There was no anger in it. There's just one motive behind all my books. The cash motive.'

I was getting used to the left-hand drive. I pushed the Mercedes into top gear. Child ren covered against a bridge. A donkey cart swerved. 'You're

doing fine, man," said Mr MacLean.

The road dipped. The Elger mountain rose. On our right. We got out into the cold air and looked up at the sheer face where three men died last year.

I said: 'That incident in *Ulysses* where the lifboat drifts in with sailors sitting grinning and the captain holding the tiller—all frozen to death—did you see that yourself?' MacLean said: 'I wish I could reach his standard some day'.

**JUST FICTION**

'I saw men dead in a lifeboat, but not grinning, not holding the tiller. No. That's the sort of thing you have to put in.'

I was getting dark. We turned back. The moon rose high in the mountains, spilling silvers of light across Lake Bielenz.

MacLean said: 'Look at that. If we were two real writers

**ROBERT  
PITMAN'S**  
(book page)

alting here that moon would inspire us."

But what does inspire MacLean? I think I know.

At the end of our ride Gisela MacLean was waiting for us. In an accent which very nicely blends Scottish and German she said: 'I hope you don't mind a real Scottish high tea instead of dinner.'

I didn't. Later we sat by the wood fire. Gisela said: 'I must go and put this sugar-cumal in Lachlan's shoe. It's a custom we have at home. Lachlan thinks Santa Claus puts them there.'

**WASHED DISHES**

I said to Alistair: 'How did you first meet?' 'After the Navy I went to work in a Surrey hospital during a vacation. I scrubbed floors and washed dishes. Gisela was working there too.'

Gisela fetched in the coffee. We talked about MacLean's new books. (**SOUTH BY JAVA HEAD**, which is certain to mop up the Christmas book-tokens when it is published by Collins in January, and a brand-new theme for MacLean—a book set in Hungary, the book which is lying in typescript on this desk).

MacLean said: 'I've got to get off sea stories sometime but of course nobody may buy the Hungry book. You never know.'

We talked about other writers. About A. J. Cronin ('He lives just seven miles from here'), about Alistair's father, an inveterate-shire master whose printed sermons take chief place on Alistair's bookshelf ('I know nothing about writing but he was really good. I wish I could reach his standard some day').

The fire burned low. We finished the last of our wee nightcaps.

In the middle of the night I heard little Lachlan whimper in his sleep. Then I heard a patter of feet. A voice gently said: 'All right, laddie, all right.'

It was Alistair MacLean, specialist in the tough war novel, comforting the small person who is the motive behind the cash motive.

## The EVA BARTOK STORY PART TWO

# The marquis in the limelight

**A**BOUT the Marquis of Milford Haven, one of his more distinguished friends once made a rueful remark: 'The trouble with David,' he said, 'is that he just can't help getting into the act.'

He did not mean to suggest that Milford Haven is a seeker after publicity. When you have his name and background the publicity seeks out you.

And in fact, as his friends well know, what David Milford Haven has spent his life searching for is something with a much warmer glow than the limelight.

He never seems more lonely than when he is surrounded by people who know him, and never more in need of solid affection than when his name is linked with a woman.

Still, he has, nonetheless, an almost compulsive habit of being there when the cameras are clicking and the flashlights are going off.

When Eva Bartok appeared in her first play in Britain, Milford Haven followed her around the country, watching her performance night after night.

**He followed**

IN the matter of his friendship with Eva Bartok, he has always been willing to accept front-page publicity. In order to demonstrate his close affection for her, it is not merely at first nights and night club parties that he is seen with her.

He turns up at airports to say goodbye to her when she is trying to slip out of the country. He finds him-

They met at a crucial period in her life. She was 23 years old. She had escaped from war-torn Hungary. But what had she to show for all her bitter, disillusioning collisions with the facts of life in the outside world? Only a modest success in films, and a British passport.

Her third husband, William Wordsworth, had helped her enormously from the first moment they met. And she said: 'I will always be grateful to him.'

'The misunderstanding over our marriage is something I shall always regret. The fact that it did not work out was more my fault than his.'

Milford Haven's friendship gave Eva an enormous boost of self-confidence.

To judge from newspaper reports, it would seem as if Milford Haven and Eva Bartok, after their first meeting, were always together. In fact, their friendship blew hot and cold.

When Eva Bartok appeared in her first play in Britain, Milford Haven followed her around the country, watching her performance night after night.

At the London opening he was in the audience again.

Eva makes no secret of her gratitude for David Milford Haven's friendship.

'I would describe him,' she said in Munich 'as a naive man in the nicest sense of the word. I mean that he is a simple, gentle man who has never been able to show the world how fundamentally decent he is.'

'They have never given him a chance, and he is not to blame for that.'

Eva indicated that she was not defending Wordsworth's suit for desertion, and Milford Haven's wife was beginning her divorce action in New York.

Not that they allowed these and legal processes to keep them apart. Milford Haven was 'getting into the act' more than ever; holidays with Eva in Capri and Kitzbuehel, trips with her to Germany.

But when she was with Jurgens there were reports of quarrels, one of them so violent that Jurgens was reported to have been asked to leave a Rome hotel and Eva was taken to hospital.

'I slipped on the marble floor and fell,' she said and would not make any more comment than that last week, except to say—

'How can you possibly tell the truth about a marriage when it means hurting someone? Just leave it at this: Curd and I are both actors, and perhaps we become a little jealous of each other's success.'

**Crucial**

SO to the most recent and most crucial phase of Eva's life. 'The pain had started,' she said. 'I had been to about nine different doctors in all the countries I had visited, and they had all told me the same thing.'

'There was something wrong with me, and unless it was put right I would die. Do you wonder I didn't care much about what they were saying about me?'

She flew from Hollywood to Cannes and then to London, and that was when she learned that her baby was coming. And Eva Bartok had to face the dilemma of her life—should she have the operation to save her life, or should she have the baby?

'Well, you know what happened,' she said.

But every time Eva came out into the open air with one man she seemed to be talking about another. Until a few days before her wedding with the German film star Curd Jurgens, she said:

gens, did anyone know whether he or Milford Haven was going to be her fourth husband?

The courtship by Jurgens ran parallel with the friendship of Milford Haven right from the start.

When she was with Milford Haven she said: 'Curd Jurgens will be my husband Number Four.'

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EVA BARTOK  
She is grateful.

'For six years I had been studying the way of life as set out by the works of Gurdjieff, Ouspensky, and Mr Bennett, and then I heard that Sigmund Freud had come to England from Indochina to work with Bennett.'

'I went to see them, and they gave me confidence and hope. I made up my mind.'

'I knew the risk, for all the doctors had warned me of it. Of course I was frightened, but I decided I had to go on.'

Today her mother is looking after it in Surrey while she films in Germany. Whatever else may be said about this well-publicized but so far fitless baby, it seems to have wrought a remarkable change in Eva Bartok.

She has become relaxed and easy-going where, in the past, she was uncertain, and insecure. She does not seem to be worried any more, particularly about men.

'Once upon a time I needed their companionship. But was never able to trust them,' she said. 'Now I know that looking for a man with all the qualities I used to dream about is like looking for perfection—and that is impossible. There is no such thing as a perfect man, and you won't get happiness trying to find one.'

She smiled. 'But I will tell you one way a woman can find happiness and fulfillment. By having a baby.'



# WEEK-END WOMANSENSE I TRACK DOWN THE CRAFTY CULT

By Veronica Papworth  
THEY ARE BRINGING A TOUCH OF HUMANITY  
INTO OUR MACHINE-MADE HOMES

I REPORT on the cult of the CRAFTY. Business is booming in the small shops dotted round town and the Home Counties—the character shops specialising in craftsmanship. Hand-engraved glass, hand-thrown pottery (how ludicrously irate that sounds) and hand-woven fabrics are selling like hot cakes (hand-made cakes, naturally).

It's a volte face from a superabundance of first-class mass-production.

## A swift look

"In a setting that is entirely machine-made people are looking for something to HUMANISE their homes," says Mrs. Sheila Pocock, the secretary of London's Government-sponsored Craft Centre.

I took a swift look round their current exhibition. An arrogant pottery cat stared back from a corner, a sequined cushioned tea cosy vied with a bright needlework picture... self-expression is in full spate at the Craft Centre.

Now the kind of person who can be bothered to make a tea cosy looks like a thing of beauty.

I planned to track down a few craftsmen and women.

There is Lady Bullard, who makes quite lovely ceramic jewellery. "Brilliant," they told me, and she does it all in the Aga at week-ends.

There is Mrs Ursula Brock, who weaves silk down at Tolleshunt D'Arcy—"she wove her own wedding dress."

There is Michael O'Connell who designs and prints wall hangings at Much Hadham. "He seems to do the whole thing with flat-irons and a couple of mangles. The results are wildly exciting and quite unique—you must meet him."

Then I remembered my apron. I've had it for ages. I bought it from a place called the "Daisy Shop."

I ask you—could anything sound more arty-crafty than that?

Yet in all the years I've been nosing round the 10th-century showroom I've never seen anything on which I could pin the epithet "arty."

## My apron

It's a little treasure house of good craftsmanship.

My apron—everyone instantly assumes it to be Italian—has a gorgeous great cockerel on the front, pecking into a casserole "pocket." The rest is a riot of Aubergines, mushrooms, peppers and similar succulents.

I discovered it was designed and made by a Miss Joyce Cilsold, of the Upper Butts, Brentford.

After five wrong turnings and three circular tours of the district I found her—an absolute

darling in jeans and a Colin Wilson sweater.

Her tiny Georgian house has a fragile iron balcony with wisteria—thick in the trunk as a man's thigh—twisted round it. I couldn't be sure which supported which.

Inside, the rooms glow with colour.

She showed me her pictures—crazy scenes of picnics, parties and jumble sales—a mixture of cut-out fabrics, old-fashioned "scraps," drawing, painting and embroidery.

She showed me aprons, cushion covers, scarves and lengths of fabric—all with bold, colourful and quite unmistakable hand-blocked designs.

## In concreto

Escorted by a Siamese cat and a dog, doing tricks—"the usual sort of thing," she says.

We toured the studio where the printing is done—"the Russian Ballet once danced on these tables, they're bedded down in concrete."

I was looking for something to sketch—something that could not be copied.

"Sketch anything," said Miss Cilsold. "Half my designs got pinched, but I don't worry. By the time they're mass-produced I'm on to something different anyway."

"I just love thinking things up and the brighter the better."

And I love to meet such genuine characters.

How different they are from the typical "Telly" personality—how warm and friendly and above all, how relaxed. They'll never give each other the right kind of pen in print. They'll never endorse any indignation pills—they don't need them.

That's the way to be painted. And that goes for the women, too.

Better an old muffer than a strid—what is what every other woman is pictured wearing.

"It's because the arms are so difficult," said a knowledgeable character in large green hat who toured the exhibition with me. "And if they can drape it over the hands it saves hours of work."

There's one exception to all this, one who doesn't wear a stole, one who looks comely, beautiful and very, very happy—who is Lady Sebright—painted by Anthony Davis, A.R.A.

"Now that really has come off," said my guide in the green hat.

I think so, too.

Also, one bright group offers holiday classes in pottery-making for children. A fine chance for all parents who like to see their offspring "doing something."

## So stiff

Whatever comes over a woman when she sits for her portrait? Still, angular and strangely self-conscious—the girls in the Royal Society's current Exhibition look as if they wish they were anywhere but there.

# CAN WE CHANGE THE SUBJECT?

A Plea To Women When Friends Meet Friends  
by JOY MATTHEWS

DRONING away from noon to night the three biggest bores have been having it their own way in 1957: Food, Money, Shop.

Politics, Art, Fashion, Religion—even our old friend Sex—haven't a chance once the Food bore gets the bit between his teeth.

Before you can roast beef to the waiter he tells you there's nothing like good English food; and the only place for a steak and kidney pud is a dingy little pub in Gloucestershire.

Before you can mutter cheerdar, the cheerdar champion tells you about the wonderful Cornemont from the Charente. And I once ate delicious roast veal listening to a blow-by-blow account of how they cook veal in butter, Marsala, and sage in Portofino.

Once upon a time an over-draft was a guilty secret

between you and your bank manager.

Now the way you manage to wheedle, seduce, or fool him into letting you get away with it is dinner party gossip.

Once it was a matter of decent reticence whether you paid super tax or not.

Now directors of big companies spend hours fascinating sleep-eyed ladies with details of the brilliant come-back they made to their accountant that morning.

Once, a lady who was divorced tried to hush it up. Now she bores you to tears, and even envy, telling you how terrible it is trying to make ends meet on £2,000 a year alimony.

It's now not a matter of keeping up with the Joneses but of keeping down with the Robinsons, and letting everyone know just how much every thing costs—as if you didn't know.

And my biggest yawn of all is for the hard-done-by

bore who have to draw on their capital. Poor things.

Mention any subject on earth to the Shop bore and he'll turn it into "Shop."

Talk of a play to a medical bore and he'll point out how the woman in the second scene has all the symptoms of some fell disease he once cured in 1948.

Tell the oil wizard of the terrible traffic jam in Trafalgar Square and he'll answer proudly: "You should see the jams I cause when I have a refraction pipe sent down to the refinery."

We all know that it is a change for the English to be interested in food: we all know that money is scarce; most of us work.

These three subjects dominate our lives—so for goodness' sake let's drop them when we're having fun.

Let's go back to the lovely relaxing subjects—Politics, Art, Fashion, Religion, and Sex.

# He's Human

By ANNE HEYWOOD

ONE thing that we tend to forget is that employers are members of the human race—even potential employers! This may not seem so, when you're on a job-hunting interview, but the man on the other side of the desk is a breathing soul, as you are.

If you can remember this, you'll have a lot less trouble with job interviews.

Suppose, for example, you are an older woman, like Mrs. McI, who wrote me.

Mrs. McI is married and has three grown children, two in college, one married with a home of her own.

Years Ago

Mrs. McI used to be in business, years ago during the depression. She was a file clerk in a large company, but she married after just a couple of years and hasn't worked outside the home since then.

Now, anxious to get a job so that the children can have extras and so the family savings account can grow, she is having a terrible time.

"Nobody" wants to hire the older woman," she writes plaintively. "I've been to employment agency after employment agency, and they are impossible."

"I want a job working with people, but they just look at my



business, that you have courage and really like people.

Also, it gives you the all-important "recent experience."

Study Typing

Study typing at home or through your adult education programme. That will prove that you are open-minded and flexible and able to learn new tricks.

When you fill out an application card, do it neatly, and put down any volunteer jobs you've done. After all, they are work, even if unpaid.

In short, the employer is human, and he's afraid the older housewife is too used to being her own boss, too prima-donna-ish, incapable of learning, and hard to get along with.

If you can prove he's wrong, he'll hire you!

(London Express Service).

## No Explanations

Well, nobody wants explanations, and when a woman goes in with a chip on the shoulder, nobody will listen to her. It's difficult, I know, but here is what Mrs. McI and women like her must do:

Get some kind of temporary job, on commission sales. If you want to work with people, you have to, as the teen-agers say, "make me know it."

If you can sell cosmetics or housewares on a door-to-door basis, even for a while, you are proving that you mean

# VERA WINSTON SUGGESTS

Gift List Lingerie Resort Wear Winter White



LACEY and lovelier than ever, yet never more practical, in this season's crop of lingerie, for the gift list or as a present to oneself. A dainty, short-length nightdress is typical of the trend. It is of black sheer tulle laid over pale blue sheer tulle. Black satin ribbon at the neck forms a long streamer bow, and a similar satin band rims the hem; both necklines and hem are sparkled with black lace as well. And, for an extra touch, six charming black velvet roses are tucked onto the fabric.



PRINTED cotton for beach wear is done in a modified sheath silhouette. The sheath, incidentally, is holding its own, despite the chemise dress. Tones of orange, pink and yellow colour the white background. The line is broken by a higher-than-waistline half belt tied in front. Scalloping from the neckline terminates in pockets at both sides. The dress closes with a zipper in back for perfect fit.



WHITE is a favourite winter hue—perfect, of course, for the season, and a good epitome for gals who can't get away. It is the colour chosen for a slim youthful dress, fine for almost any daytime doings and perfect under the fur coat. The scalloping on each side of the front is marked by two self-bows posed vertically at the waist. Zipped in back, the dress has a pleat for ease in motion.

# What Does It Say?

STATISTICS about the Average British Baby and his habits are given in the Medical Press. The figures have been compiled after years of research by doctors and child specialists.

Dr R. S. Illingworth, Professor of Child Health at Sheffield University, has collected them.

Dr Illingworth says the average British baby weighs between 7½ and 7¾ pounds at birth and gains about eight ounces a week during the first three months.

THE AVERAGE GIRL at one year weighs 15lb.

His first teeth

THE AVERAGE BOY weighs 21lb. He usually cuts his first teeth at 7½ months.

Referring to mental development, Dr Illingworth stresses that it is a mistake to regard the so-called milestones of development as skills which are suddenly learned in a sort of all-or-none way.

"For instance," he says, "an average child begins to smile in response to his mother's overtures at six weeks. But one can observe from two or three weeks that he watches his mother more and more intently as she speaks, opening and closing his mouth and often bobbing his head up and down."

THE AVERAGE BABY can sit up firmly at eight to nine months, and walk without support at 13 months. He will play with a rattle at three months, and go for 30 at five months. At 10 months he will deliberately throw objects on the floor.

Now laugh

The same month he will play peek-a-boo, and two months later he is repeating performance, laughing at.

THE AVERAGE BABY will turn his head to watch an object move at eight weeks, or at a sound at three months. He can chew at six months, but it is not usually until he is 18 months that he can hold a rattle without spilling. At the age of one, he can say three words with meaning.

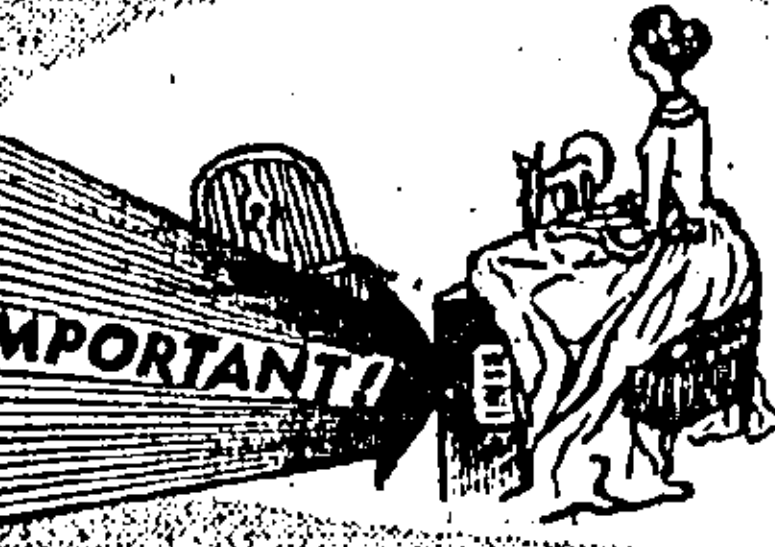
(London Express Service).

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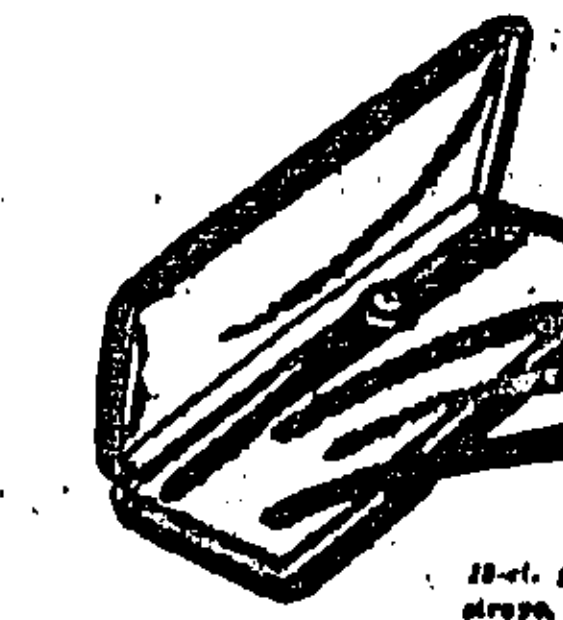
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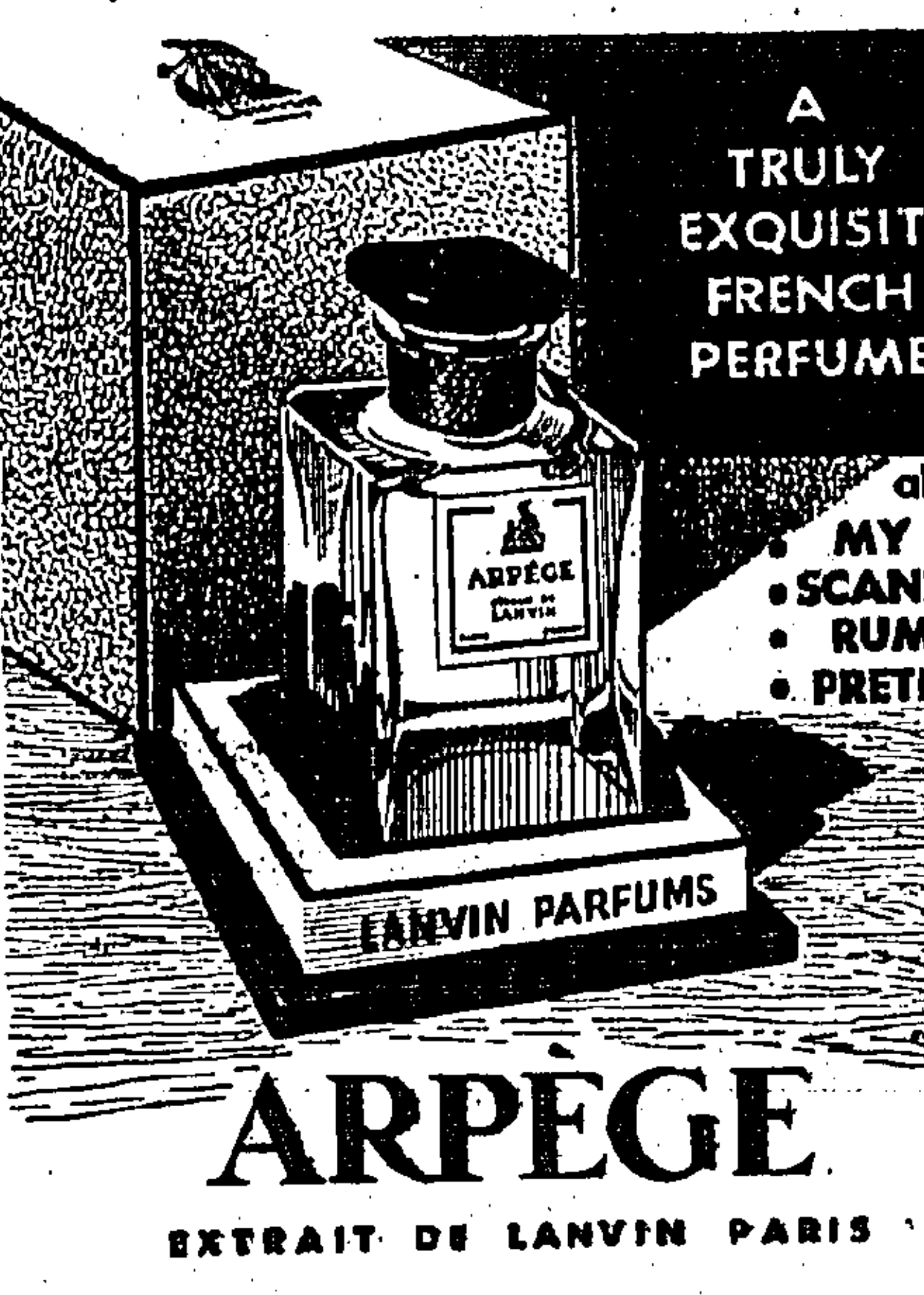
# Chameleon

THIS new 18ct. gold Rolex Chameleon is the only watch in the world with a dial that changes colour. You change for dinner... your Chameleon changes to match. You change for dinner... so does your Chameleon. Because Chameleon has interchangeable dials, in an infinite variety of colours. But, quick-change artist though it is, this exclusive new Rolex never varies in accuracy. Don't lose another minute! Ask to see the Rolex Chameleon.



# Rolex

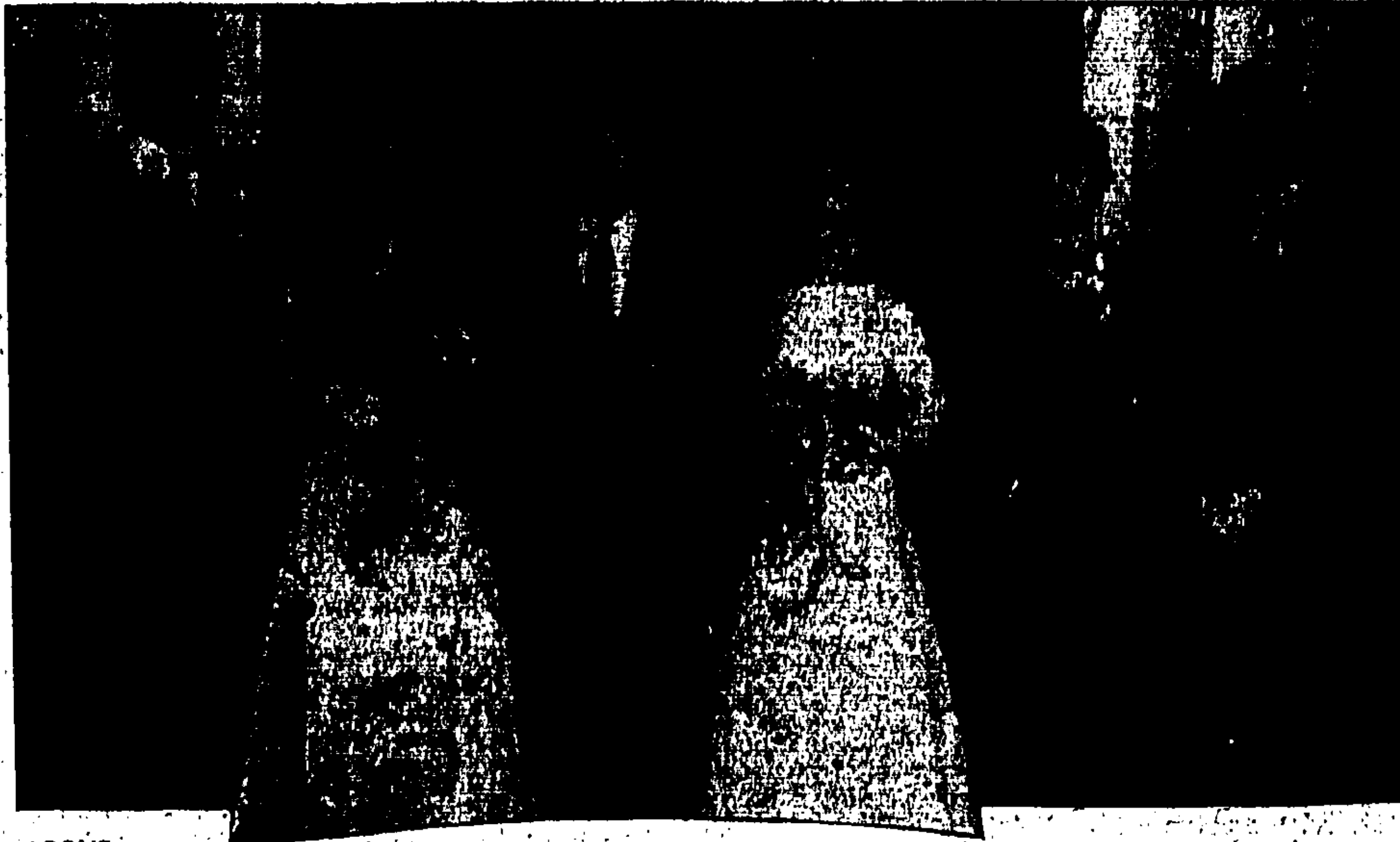
18-ct. gold Rolex Chameleon, with "darker side" of four dials, comes in handsome women's jewelry box.



# ARPEGE

EXTRAIT DE LANVIN PARIS





ABOVE: Captain T. L. Dunn, RAMC and Margaret Daniel (given away by Lt-Col. W. Craig) at St John's Cathedral. Attendants are Muriel Pinder, QARANC and Capt. J. Mitchell (best man).

LEFT: Mrs C. B. Burgess, wife of the Acting Colonial Secretary, a bath tub and a baby, at the S.P.C. centre, Shauiwan.



ABOVE: Mrs Mary Downey (speaking) and Mrs J. Footeau are seen on their arrival at Kai Tak . . . US mothers on their way to visit imprisoned sons in Peking.

BELOW: Junior Sunday School party at St John's Cathedral.



ABOVE RIGHT: Guests of the US Navy, aboard the USS Roanoke.

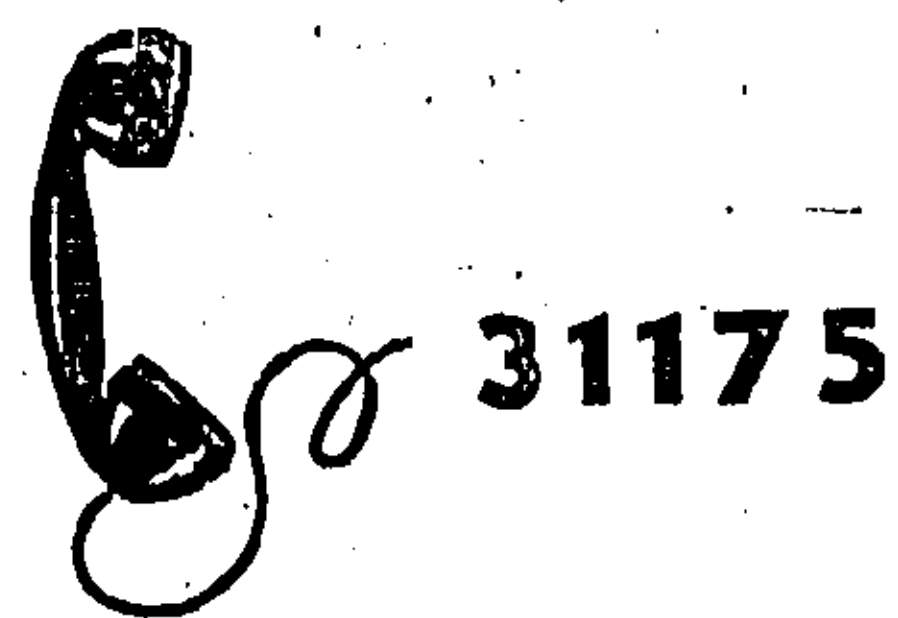


Journalist weds . . . Miss Marion Ha Kwok-chun of the Wah Kiu Yat Pao and husband Tommy Tam Foo-yee, owner of a prominent restaurant.



Rotarians leaving Hongkong for an official visit to Formosan clubs . . . from left Mr R. Y. Chang, Mr Fung Ping-fan, and Mr Henry Chang.

# ONE CALL



## WILL DO ALL...

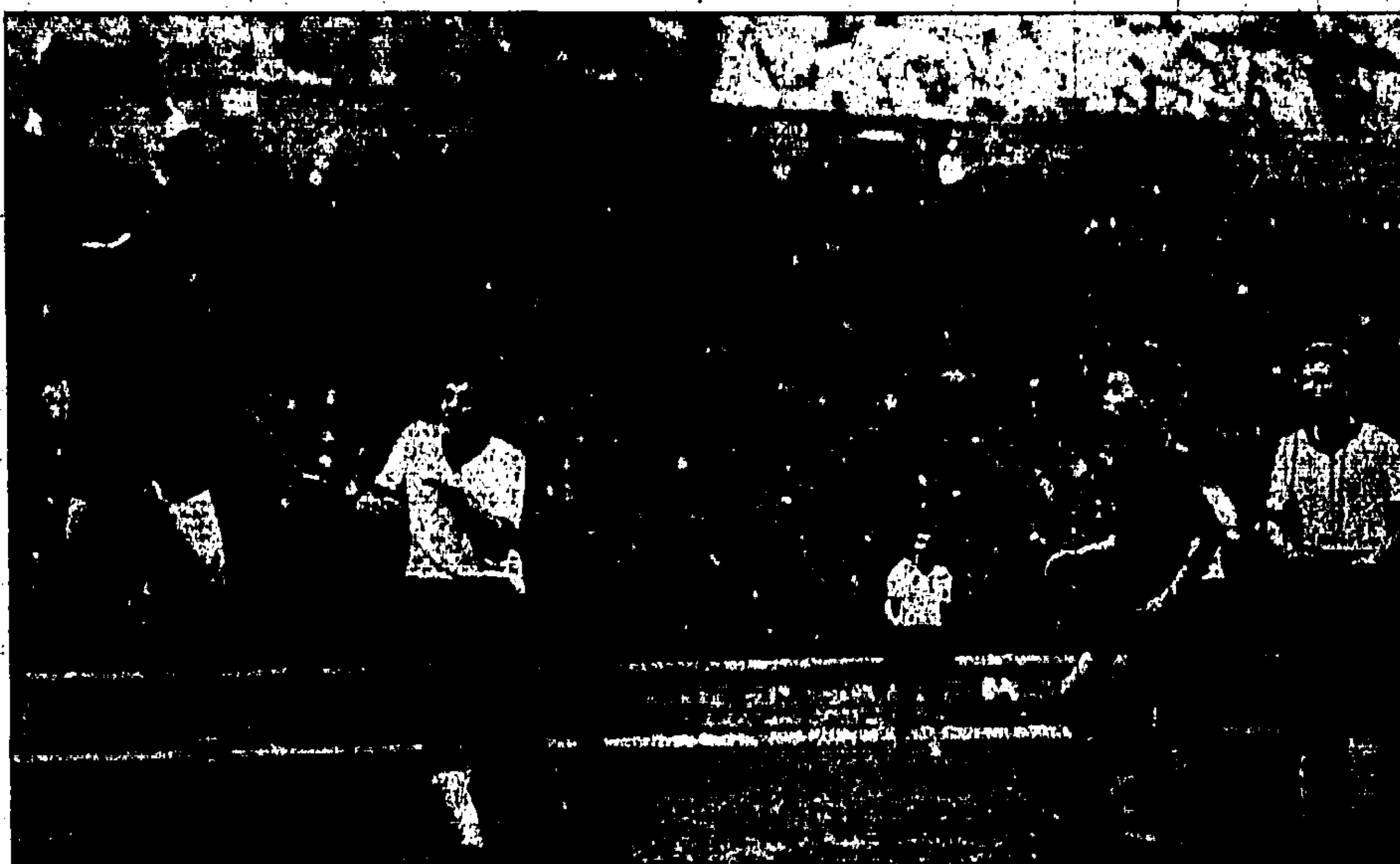
INFORMATION — RESERVATION  
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ABOVE: Skipper Don Lee of the combined RAF/Navy team demonstrates an unusual stroke in the final of the annual triangular cricket tournament with the Army (winners).

BELOW: Austrian goalie PELIKAN in action at the Hongkong Stadium match against the Combined Chinese XI who beat the visitors 3-2.



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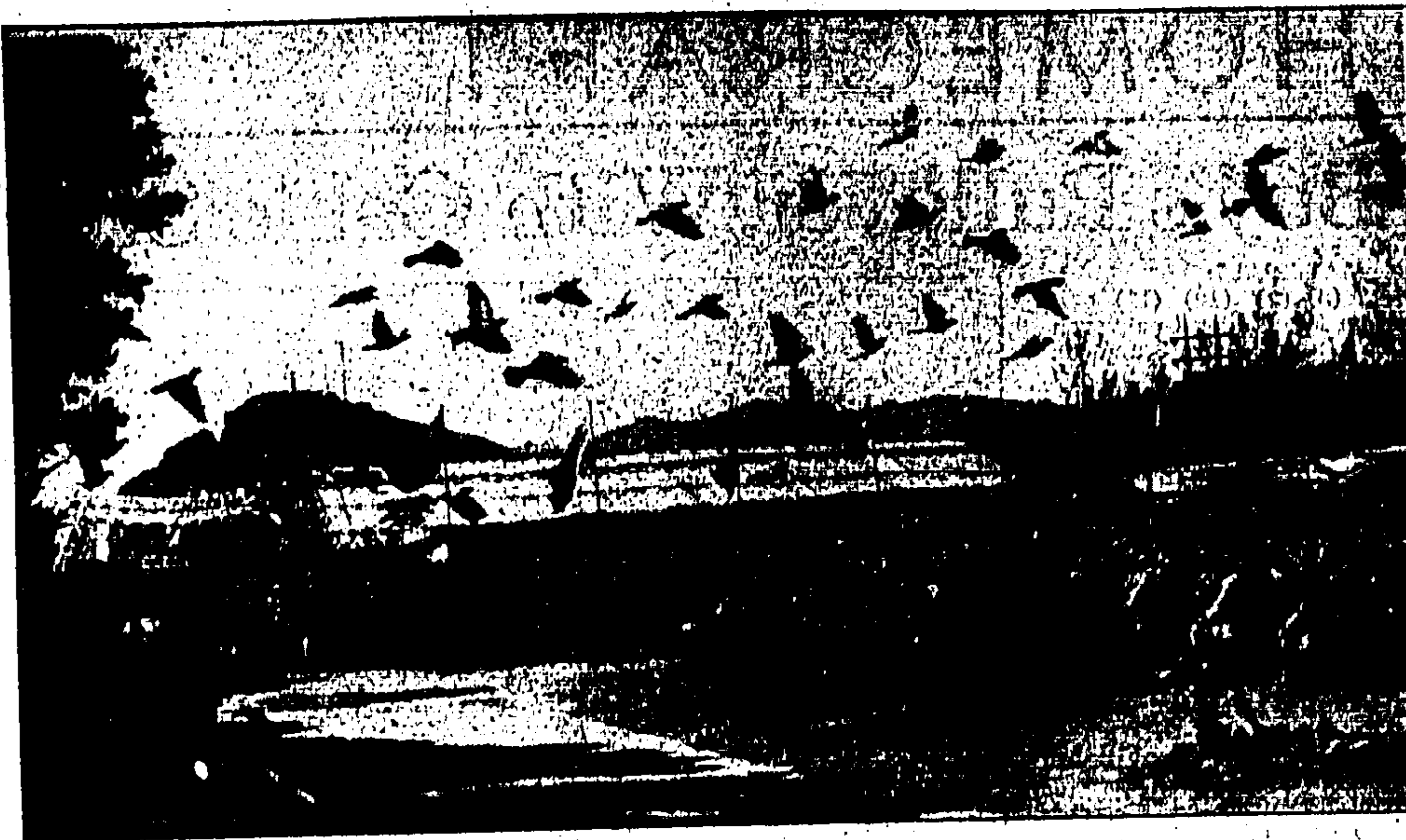
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... full width chiller  
drawer... full width  
freezing compartment...  
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GILMANS

Showroom:  
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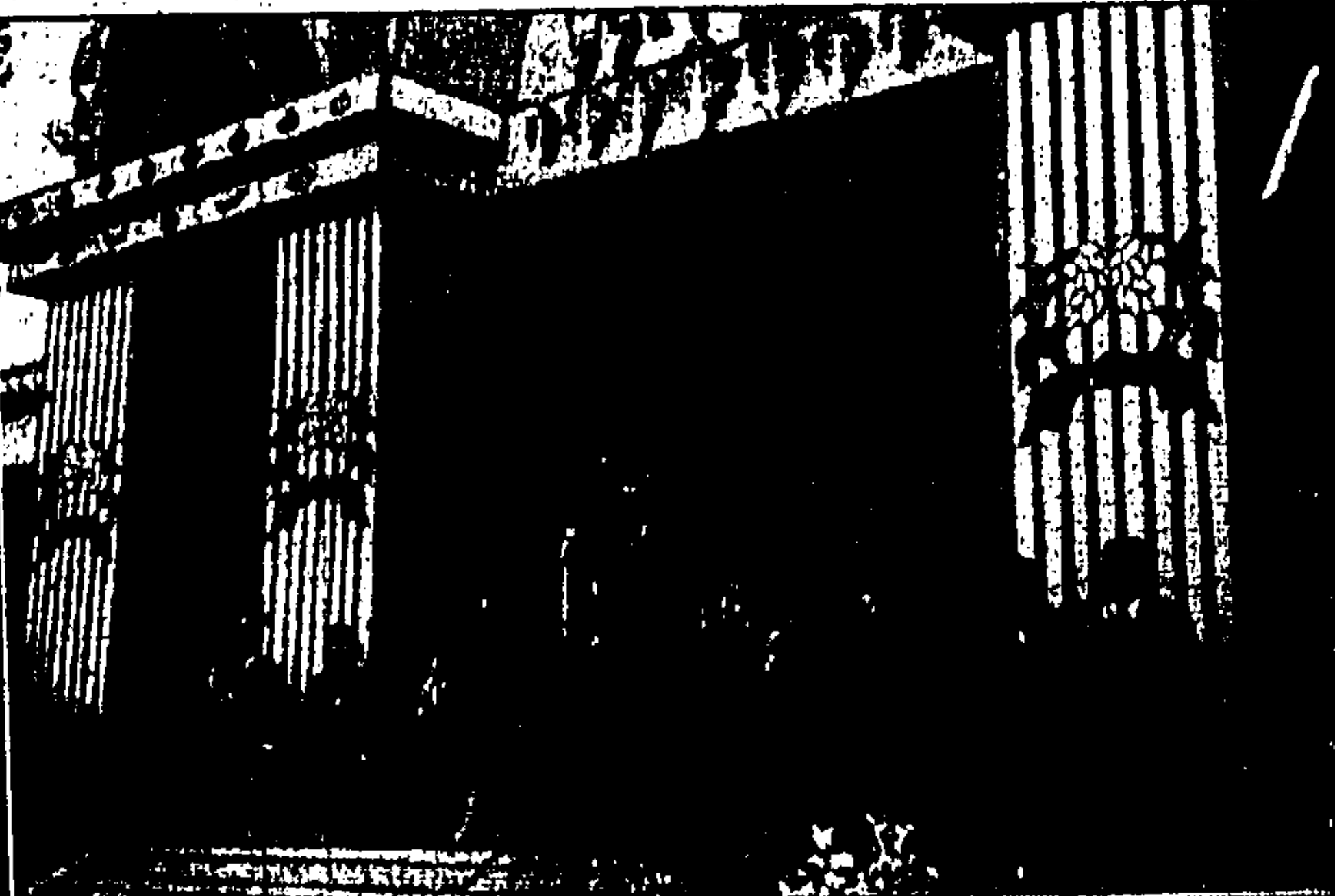


# AGRICULTURAL SHOW

A flight of pigeons takes off over the heads of spectators as the Hon. E. B. David opens the annual show that culminates the Colony's agricultural year and sets a standard for the next. Bishop Hall's goats improved their position once again this year, winning "best goat" and "best pair" prizes. But perhaps the honours were shared for the Billy was from Mr Brook Bernacchi's Lantau flock.



ABOVE AND BELOW: Champion vegetables and flowers are studied by visitors. The champion boar, king of the Colony's meat business and one of the most significant pieces of flesh in this corner of the world, nuzzles the Kadoorie Agricultural Aid Association's Challenge Cup.

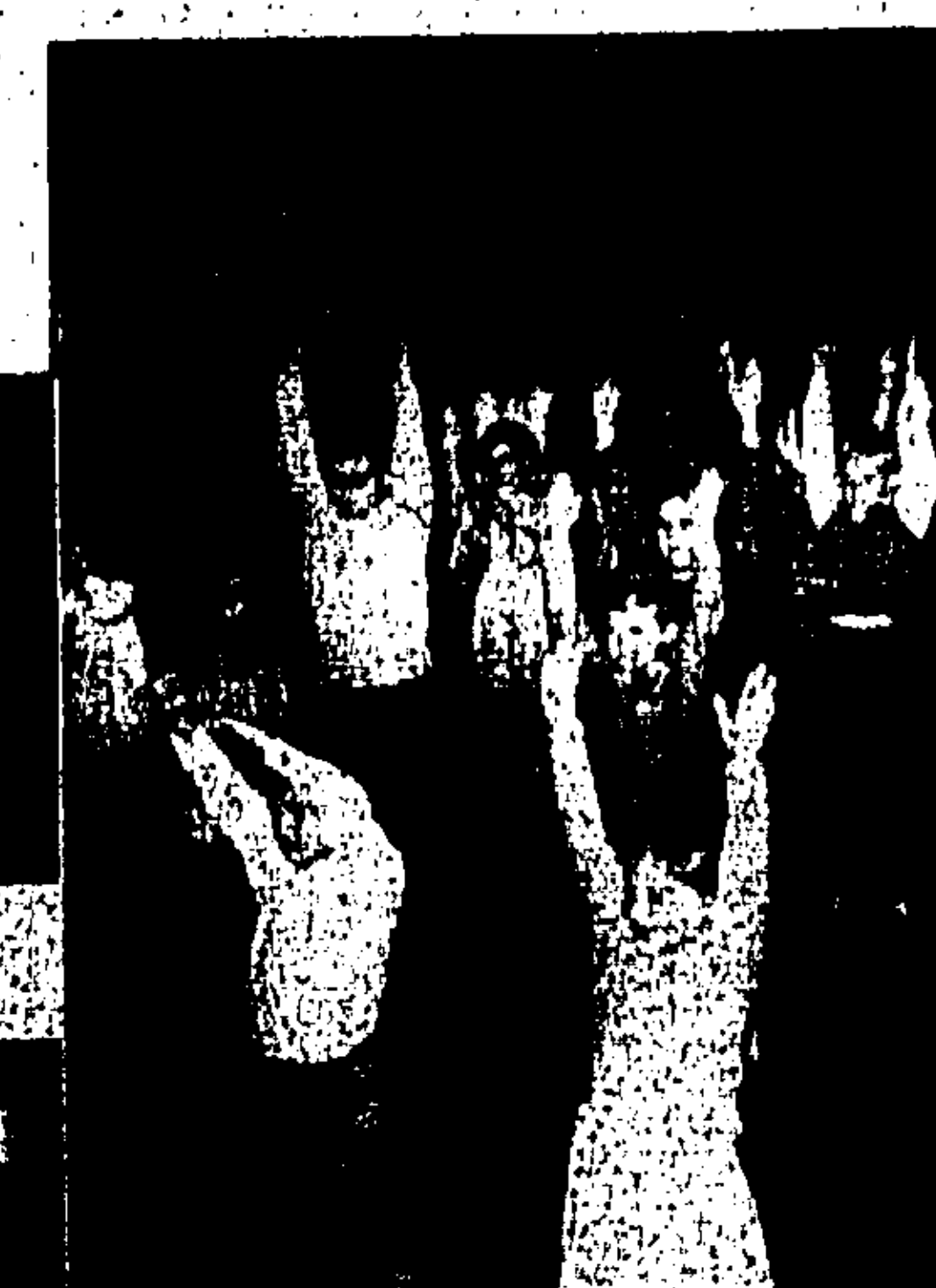


RIGHT: Village women study other fashions that govern village skills.



The District Commissioner Mr K. M. A. Barnett hands out prizes (best sow—to Miss Wong Hai-mui); Mrs Barnett receives a bouquet; Mr W. J. Blackie, Director of Agriculture, addresses the crowd; and the annual show is open.

BELOW: January's Christmas parties look the same the world over. Samples here are (left, top and bottom) Union Church, and (right, top and bottom) St John's Cathedral.



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## PRACTICAL

## HOMECRAFT

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## RIBBED JACKET

**Materials:**  
20/21/22 ozs. Sirdar  
Double knitting wool.  
1 pair each Nos. 8 and 10  
knitting needles.  
7 buttons.

**Measurements:**  
Width all round at under-  
arms, fit 34" 36" 38" bust.  
Length from the top of  
shoulder: 22" 22½" 23".  
Length of sleeve seams:  
18½" 19" 19½".

**Tensions:**  
4½ sts. to 1", measures  
over pattern using No. 8  
needles.

**Abbreviations:**  
K—knit, P—purl, st—  
stitch, tog.—together, rep.—  
repeat, beg.—beginning,  
Sl.—slip 1 st. knitways, inc.—  
increase.

## NOTE:

The first figures given are  
for the small size, the  
second figures for the  
medium size, and likewise,  
the third figures are for  
the large size. Where only  
one figure is given, it  
applies to all sizes.

## BACK

Using No. 10 needles, cast on  
83/87/101 sts.  
1st row: Sl, \* P1, K1, rep.  
from \* to the end.  
2nd row: Sl, \* K1, P1, rep.  
from \* to the last 2 sts., K2.  
Rep. these 2 rows 4 times.  
11th row: Sl, rib 4/6/8, \*  
P2tog, K2tog, rib 6, rep. from  
\* to the last 8/10/12 sts.,  
P2tog, K2tog, rib to the end.  
(75/79/83 sts.)  
Next row: Change to No. 8  
needles, Sl, \* K1, P1, rep. from  
\* to the last 2 sts., K2.  
Proceed in Fisherman's rib  
pattern as follows:  
1st row: Sl, \* P into the  
next st, 1 row below slipping  
both loops from the needle at  
the same time, K1, rep. from \*  
to the end.  
2nd row: Sl, \* K1, P into the  
next st, 1 row below, slipping  
both loops from the needle at  
the same time, K1, rep. from \*  
to the end.

These 2 rows complete the  
pattern. Keeping the continuity  
of the pattern, K2tog. at both  
ends of the next and every  
12th row following until  
67/71/75 sts. remain. Continue  
without further shaping until  
the work measures 8" from  
commencement.  
Inc. at both ends of the next  
and every 10th. row following  
until there are 77/81/85 sts.  
Continue without further  
shaping until the work measures  
14" 14½" 14¾" from com-  
mencement.

**Shape Armholes**  
Keeping the continuity of the  
pattern, cast off 2 sts. at the beg.  
of each of the next 2 rows.  
K2tog. at the beg. of every row  
following until 63/65/67 sts.  
remain. Continue without  
further shaping until the  
armholes measure 7½" 7¾" 8"  
straight, from commencement.  
**Shape the Shoulder**  
Cast off 7 sts. at the beg. of  
each of the next 4 rows and  
7/8/9 sts. at the beg. of each  
of the following 2 rows. Cast off  
the remaining sts. ribwise.



## THE LEFT FRONT

Firstly work the pocket  
linings: Using No. 10 needles  
cast on 27 sts.  
1st row: Sl, K to the end.  
2nd row: Sl, P to the last  
st., K1.  
Rep. these 2 rows until the  
work measures 3½" from com-  
mencement, and then the 1st.  
row once again.  
Next row: Sl, P2, \* P2tog,  
P2, rep. from \* to the end, (21  
sts.). Leave this piece of work  
on a spare needle for the front  
border. Work a second lining  
in the same way and also leave  
for the present.

Using No. 10 needles, cast on  
59/63/67 sts. and work 10 rows  
in K1, P1, rib as for the Back.  
Next row: Sl, rib 2/4/6, \*  
P2tog, K2tog, rib 6, rep. from \*  
to the last 18/20/22 sts., P2tog,  
K2tog, rib to the end.  
Next row: Sl, rib 9/11/13,  
slip these sts. to a safety-pin  
and leave for the front border.  
Change to No. 8 needles, Sl, \*  
K1, P1, rep. from \* to the end.  
(39/41/43 sts.)  
Proceed in Fisherman's rib  
pattern as for the Back and  
K2tog. at the beg. of the 3rd.

and every 12th. row following  
until 35/37/39 sts. remain. Work  
back to the side edge.  
Set in the first pocket lining:  
1st row: Pattern 4/6/8, slip  
the next 21 sts. on to a st. holder  
and work in their place, in  
correct pattern, the 21 sts. of  
the first pocket lining, pattern  
to the end.  
Continue without further  
shaping until the work measures  
8" from commencement, finish-  
ing at the side edge.  
Keeping the continuity of the  
pattern, inc. at the beg. of the  
next and every 10th. row  
following until there are  
40/42/44 sts.

Continue without further  
shaping until the work matches  
the back to the armholes, finish-  
ing at the side edge.  
Shape the Armhole and set  
in the second pocket lining.  
1st row: Cast off 3, pattern  
5/7/9, (6/8/10 loops on  
the needle), slip the next 21 sts.  
to a st. holder and work in their  
place the 21 sts. of the pocket  
lining, pattern to the end.  
2nd row: Pattern to the end.  
Keeping the continuity of the  
pattern, K2tog. at the side edge  
of the next and every alternate  
row following until 33/34/35 sts.  
remain, finishing at the front  
edge.

**Shape the Neck**  
K2tog. at the beg. of the  
next and every 6th. row follow-  
ing until 21/22/23 sts. remain.  
Continue without further shap-  
ing until the armhole matches  
the back to the shoulder,  
finishing at the side edge.

**Shape the Shoulder**  
Cast off at the beg. of the  
next and each alternate row  
following—7 sts. twice and  
7/8/9 sts. once.

**Front Border**  
Join the wool at the inside  
edge and with the right side  
facing, using No. 10 needles,  
work the sts. from the safety-  
pin in K1, P1, rib. Continue  
in K1, P1, rib on these sts.  
until the border is of sufficient  
length to fit comfortably up the  
front edge to the line of the  
breast pocket opening. Inc. at  
the inside edge of the next and  
every alternate row following  
until there are 42/46/50 sts.  
finishing at the straight edge.

Next row: Rib 12, turn  
Next row: Rib 12, turn  
Next row: Rib 24, turn  
Next row: Rib 24, turn  
Next row: Rib to the end.  
Rep. these last 6 rows 4  
times. Continue in rib across  
all sts. for a further 3½". Cast  
off ribwise.

**The Pocket Tops**  
With the wrong side of the  
work facing, slip the 21 sts. of  
the lower pocket to a No. 10  
needle and using No. 10 needles,  
proceed as follows:  
1st row: Sl, P1, \* K (twice  
into each of the next 2 sts., rib  
6, rep. from \* over K, twice  
into each of the next 2 sts., K1.  
(27 sts.)  
2nd row: Sl, \* P1, K1, rep.  
from \* to the end.

Work 8 rows in K1, P1, rib.  
Cast off ribwise.  
2nd row: Sl, \* P1, K1, rep.  
from \* to the end.  
Work 8 rows in K1, P1, rib.  
Cast off ribwise.  
Complete the breast pocket in  
the same manner.

## THE RIGHT FRONT

Work the two pocket linings  
in the same way as for the left  
front and leave on a spare  
needle for the present.  
Using No. 10 needles cast on  
59/63/67 sts. and work in  
K1, P1, rib for 4 rows.

5th row: Rib 4, cast off 3, rib  
to the end.  
6th row: Rib to the last 4 sts.,  
cast on 3, rib to the end.  
Work 4 rows in K1, P1, rib.  
Next row: Rib 12/14/16, \*  
K2tog, P2tog, rib 6, rep. from \*  
to the last 7/9/11 sts.,  
K2tog, P2tog, rib to the end.  
Next row: Change to No. 8  
needles, Sl, \* K1, P1, rep. from \*  
to the last 10/12/14 sts., slip  
these last sts. to a safety-pin  
and leave for the front border.  
Proceed in Fisherman's rib  
pattern as for the back and  
K2tog. at the end of the 3rd  
and every 12th. row following  
until 35/37/39 sts. remain.  
Work back to the front edge.

Set in the first pocket lining:  
1st row: Pattern 10, slip the  
next 21 sts. to a st. holder and  
work in their place the 21 sts.  
of the pocket lining, pattern to  
end.

Continue and complete to  
correspond with the left front,  
taking care to work all shapings  
at the opposite end of the  
needle.

**The Front Border**  
Proceed as for the left front  
and make 6 more buttonholes,  
placing each 2" from the last.  
Complete as for the left front.  
The Pocket Tops: Work  
exactly as for the left front.

## THE SLEEVES (Both Alike)

Using No. 10 needles, cast on  
45/47/49 sts. and work in  
K1, P1, rib for 3". Change to  
No. 8 needles. Proceed in  
Fisherman's rib pattern as for  
the back and inc. at both ends  
of the 15th. and every 12th.  
row following until there are  
63/67/71 sts. Continue without  
further shaping until the work  
measures 18½" 19" 19½" from  
commencement.

**Shape the Top**  
Cast off 3 sts. at the beg. of  
each of the next 2 rows.

## TO MAKE UP

Join the shoulder seams and  
set in the sleeves. Join the side  
and sleeve seams. Stitch the  
front borders up the front edges.  
Join the extended pieces at the  
centre back and stitch across  
the back of the neck. Stitch  
the pocket tops into position on  
the front of the work and stitch  
the linings down behind the  
fronts. Affix the buttons to  
correspond with the buttonholes  
and press all seams lightly on  
the wrong side.

## Boy's Pullover With Cable Stitch

**MATERIALS:**  
7 (8) (9) (10) (11) ozs.  
Emu Easyknit. 1 pair each  
Emu needles size 8 and 10.  
1 Cable Needle.

**MEASUREMENTS:**  
To fit chest:

24 26 28 30 32

Length:

14½ 16 17 18 19

Sleeve length:

10½ 12½ 14 15 16

**TENSION:**  
6 sts. and 7½ rows to 1

square inch over stocking  
stitch with No. 8 needles.

**ABBREVIATIONS:**  
K. knit; p. purl; st(s)

stitch(es); T.2. twist 2 by

taking right hand needle

behind work and knitting

into back of the 2nd stitch

on left hand needle, then

knitting into 1st stitch, slip-

ping both loops off left hand

needle together; dec. de-

crease, beg. beginning.

**NOTE:**  
Instructions are printed

in five sizes, stitches and

measurements for the

smallest size being given in

the ordinary way, the

larger sizes being bracketed

in the following spaces.

**BACK**

Using No. 10 needles cast on

68 (74) (80) (86) (92) sts. and

work in k.1. p.1. rib for 2½

(2½) (3) (3½) inches.

Next row: Rib 3 (7) (2) (3)

(8) work twice into next stitch,

\* rib 3 (3) (4) (4) (4) work

twice into next stitch. Rep.

from \* to last 4 (6) (2) (5) (8)

sts. Rib 4 (6) (2) (5) (8).

84 (90) (96) (102) (108) sts.

84 Change to No. 8 needles and

following pattern:

1st row (right side facing):

P.5, T.2, p.2, k.8, p.2, T.2,

p.1, k. to last 22 sts., p.1, T.2,

p.2, k.8, p.2, T.2, p.5.

2nd row: K.5, p.2, k.2, p.8,

k.2, p.2, k.1, p. to last 22 sts.,

k.1, p.2, k.2, p.8, k.2, p.2,

k.5, T.2.

Repeat these 2 rows through-

out working a cable in next

and every following 12th row

as follows:

Next row: P.5, T.2, p.2,

Cable 8 by slipping next 2 sts.

on left hand needle on to a

cable needle and keeping to

front of work then k. the next

4 sts. on left hand needle, then

the 4 sts. on cable needle, p.2,

T.2, p.1, k. to last 22 sts., p.1,

T.2, p.2, Cable 8 (as before),

p.5, T.2.

Continue in pattern until

work measures 14½ (10) (17)

(18) (19) inches from the beg.

**SHAPE SHOULDERS:**

Cast off 8 (9) (9) (11) (11)

sts. at the beg. of next 2 rows,

9 (9) (10) (10) (11) sts. at

beg. of next 2 rows and 9 (9)

(10) (11) (11) sts. at beg. of

next 2 rows.

Leave remaining 32 (30) (38)

(40) (42) sts. on a stitch holder

for back of neck.

**FRONT**

Follow instructions for back

until work measures 13½ (14½)



(15½) (16½) (17½) inches

from the beginning ending with

a wrong side row.

**SHAPE NECK:**

Next row: Pattern 37 (39)

(41) (43) (45), cast off 10 (12)

(14) (16) (18), pattern to end

of row.

Work on 2nd set of sts. for

right side of neck.

Next row: Work without

shaping.

Cast off 3 sts. at beginning

(neck edge) of next and follow-

ing two alternate rows.

Then dec. 1 st at neck edge

every row until 28 (27) (29) (31)

(33) sts. remain.

Continue without shaping

until work measures 14½ (10)

(17) (18) (19) inches from the

beginning ending at side edge.

**SHAPE SHOULDER:**

Cast off 8 (9) (9) (10) (11)

sts. at beginning of next row.

Work 1 row.

Cast off 9 (9) (10) (10) (11)

sts. at beginning of next row.

Work 1 row.

Cast off remaining 9 (9) (10)

(11) (11) sts.

Rejoining wool to remaining

sts., work left side of neck to

match right side, working from

\* to \*

**NECKBAND**

Using a back stitch sew up

right shoulder seam.

With needles size 10 and with

right side of work facing knit

up 21 (22) (23) (24) (24) sts.

down left side of neck 10 (12)

(14) (16) (18) sts. across cast

off sts. of front, 21 (22) (23)

(24) (24) sts. up right side of

neck and continue knitting

across the 32 (30) (38) (40)

(42) sts. of back neck left on a

stitch holder.

Work on these 84 (92) (98)

(104) (108) sts. in k.1. p.1. rib

for 2 (2) (2½) (2½) (2½)

inches.

Cast off in rib.

**SLEEVES**

Using No. 8 needles and com-

mencing at top, cast on 102

(108) (120) (128) (132) sts.

and work in stocking stitch

(1 row k.1 row p.) as follows:

Work 2 rows without shaping

then cast off 3 sts. at beg. of

next 14 (14) (16) (18) (10)

rows and dec. 1 st. at each end

of next and every following 4th

row until 42 (44) (46) (48) (48)

sts. remain.

Continue without shaping

until work measures 8 (10) (11)

(12) (13) inches from the be-

ginning.

Change to needles size 10 and

work in k.1. p.1. rib for 2½

(2½) (3) (3) (3) inches.

Cast off in rib.

**TO MAKE UP**

Pin out to correct measure-

ments, and press with a hot iron

over a damp cloth, omitting

ribbing.

Using a back stitch sew up

left shoulder seam.

Commencing at lower edge,

sew up sleeve seams and set

sleeves into slit left for armhole.

Join neckband.

Press seams.



To all contemplating (or even just hopefully dreaming of!) changing their husbands or wives in '58...

# A Warning about Second Marriages

SCIENTISTS investigating 2,000 second marriages have announced a discovery which should make everyone thinking of divorce search again his fickle heart.

The discovery, made in America, is this: the worst possible combination for marriage is between divorced people. Second-marriage happiness based on first-marriage misery is love in a myth.

There are around 400,000 marriages a year in Britain, and every year more than 12 per cent publicly break up. No one knows how many thousands break up in private.

Last year there were 26,000 divorces and 23,000 separation applications, making an ungratified total of nearly 50,000 broken marriages and heaven knows how many broken children.

So the American discovery, if true, is important. For it would mean that many of these marriages perished for an illusion.

It would mean that some, at least, of the husbands and wives now wondering if they would be happier with someone else can stop wondering and make the best of the marriage they have.

by  
**MERRICK WINN**

loved, but few realise it is even more terrible not to be able to feel love.

## Normal

LET us see now what happens in a normal marriage. The couple fall in love and both, of course, imagine they have found their ideal.

This is an illusion, but normal. Dr Y told me there is really no "ideal," no Mr or Miss Right, because almost any man can, within limits, marry almost any woman and make a successful marriage.

## Symptoms

BUT is it true? To find this out, I consulted marriage guidance experts, doctors, and, above all, psychiatrists; for this is almost wholly a psychological problem.

All agreed that the first question to answer is this: why does a marriage break up anyway? Was the marriage just a "mistake?" Did the couple "happen" to marry the wrong person?

It does happen, but not nearly as often as people like to think. There are almost always deeper reasons and these are not the reasons given in the divorce courts.

Unfaithfulness, cruelty, and the rest are hardly ever the causes of unhappy marriage. They are merely symptoms like the spots in measles.

Dr X, psychiatrist at a London research hospital, told me: "I prefer to speak not of unhappy marriage but of marriage between already unhappy people."

## Victims

THEY are usually people who, for reasons we are not yet sure about, become victims as children of emotional disorders which made them, unable to grow up in a normal way.

They may be charming, intelligent, even brilliant. But they are emotional cripples, heavily handicapped in most aspects of adult life: work, play, friendships, marriage.

These people cannot help themselves and are to be pitied. They are ill; victims of neurotic, or so-called "nervous," illness which usually involves severe suffering.

How many people are like this? Probably they are to be found in at least 75 per cent of broken marriages and in many unbroken ones.

Dr Y, a Harley Street psychiatrist, told me about typical cases of marriage breaking down through "emotional inadequacy."

Here is one. John H, aged 35, and Mary, aged 32, decided to divorce after "nine years' marriage, because 'we just don't get on any more.'"

A familiar picture. Boredom, frequent quarrels and great misery. Lost sexual attraction and, at least on John's part, lost love. Both were sad about it; both felt nothing could be done.

But why did love die? Because, in John's case, it was never love. He was a childish victim of love; a dream love that never grew up.

This incapacity for adult loving is one of the most painful and crippling features of neurotic illness.

Dr Y told me: "Most people know it is terrible not to be

often seem to last. Why? Well, a lasting marriage is no proof of a successful one.

It may, in fact, prove the opposite, for there are certainly people who, for neurotic reasons, cling to a marriage which would be better ended.

And as Dr Z said: "Don't forget that although we condone divorce now we don't so readily condone second divorce. We think it looks suspicious, and this may keep at least some second marriages from breaking up."

So there is the problem. I asked all three psychiatrists for the solution and from all I got the same answer.

Forget about unhappy marriages. Remember only happy people. Find out how to help them, and successful marriages will follow. In short, solve the mystery of the sick mind.

We could do it, but will we? Probably not. For we have not yet solved the biggest problem of all: why we humans find it so much easier to suffer.

## Searching

SO what about the marriage that fails? It fails, usually, because the immature man or woman with crippled emotions cannot accept reality.

Said Dr Y: "He is compelled to go on searching for his dream love, not knowing it doesn't exist. When he realises he hasn't found it in his wife he has to seek out another woman, and sometimes another marriage."

"This is the story of some Hollywood stars, people striving for something they can never find. There are many thousands like them in Britain too, and they are very pathetic people."

Yes. They seek the "perfect marriage," not knowing it belongs only to fairy tales. They have not learned that the most we can ask of marriage is to have a satisfying, workable partnership with someone we care for.

This does not necessarily mean happiness. As Dr Y said: "There are only as many happy marriages as there are happy people! Very, very few."

And he added: "Marriage is the sacrifice that two people make in order to have children. Accept it simply as that and it works."

## The problem

SO much for first marriages. Are second marriages, after first-marriage failure, any happier? All three psychiatrists consulted agreed that the answer is usually No.

Dr Z, psychiatrist at another London hospital, told me: "Of course, we all know of successful second marriages and no doubt there are plenty of them. But I am sure they are in the minority."

All the same, second marriages, even neurotic ones,

# Amazed I was! Danny Kaye is living a Walter Mitty life

YES—really!

by NANCY SPAIN

I WENT to Paris, France, as I usually do to have my own peculiar species of hysteria.

I left it completely cured because I had been allowed to spend 48 hours with Danny Kaye.

This extraordinary figure (born Kominsky) is (he says) only happy when he is in Israel.

In his 45th year he has taken on himself the Extraordinary Ambassadorship of Israel. On December 18 he even chartered a Britannia aircraft of Israeli Airlines to help Israel capture some Transatlantic trade.

One of the most moving speeches Danny Kaye ever made he made in Israel, saying: "I am come among you not as a star, not as an American, but as a Jew."

Yet will anyone ever take Danny Kaye seriously?

Look at the way I first met him.

I was standing on the platform of the Gare de Lyon at 10.35 p.m. waiting for the Mistral, the ex-

press train from the south, from Marseilles and Nîmes and Avignon.

Danny got off the train, dressed in weird, shambling, navy blue padded garments looking exactly like the dishevelled dog from outer space, and enveloped me in a vast hug.

He needs love like some people need the sun. My hug was evidently satisfactory to him for he leaped in the air, clapped his feet together, and cried: "Everybody dancing!" in tones like a trumpet.

## Thawing out

THIS has, it seems, been his war cry ever since he and his partner, Phil Goldfarb, used to work the U.S. Jewish hotels and Goldfarb got all the laughs, but it was a bit unfair because "Kominsky might have talent too...."

This cry startled the porters at the Gare de Lyon, but I was prepared for it.

Danny had been in Nîmes (he pronounces it Nîmes to rhyme with rhymes), to make a film, and had got so cold there that he had to come to Paris to thaw out.

Under the blue padded overcoat he wore a grey suede zipper jacket, grey woollen shirt, terrible white woollen undershirt, and (I think) two pairs of trousers. He also sported a pair of special snow shoes and a moustache which we all hate.

"It's terrible for garlic," he said. "If I eat garlic and it gets in this moustache it stays for days and I'm nearly suffocated."

I asked him how he was getting on as a character actor. "Dead easy," he said, "except I wear myself out trying to stay still. I use up as much energy keeping myself stationary as I used to flying around the stage."

## Tokyo...

WE all withdrew to The Hotel George Cinq the Fifth, as Danny calls it.

Basic insecurity and horror then seemed to enter him, for he sat huddled, like a strange, shapeless, lovable bundle of clothes in a big armchair.

In an effort, I felt, to establish his identity, he picked up the telephone, told it who he was, and asked, suddenly power drunk, for Tokyo, Geneva, and St John's Wood.

"Huh," he suddenly snarled at me, "you crazy broad. So you think you're eccentric, do you, in your sweater and trousers?"

I had begun to see that I was just learning about eccentricity. We were about to enter an advanced stage of the D.K.s.

It was by now 2 a.m.

It seems that there are many intimate friends of D.K. scattered all over the world, eager and willing to hear him sing them a Hebrew love song at 2 a.m.

They have names like "Shemmy, Nymy, Phil, and

Khan, Betsy Blak, and a man called Shemoah.

Danny shouted down the phone: "Everybody dancing, Aly."

**In the Bible**

MIRACULOUSLY, next day it was lunch time and we were all eating caviar and drinking vodka and eating sour cream and blintz.

And Danny came in from the American Hospital, calling himself "Doctor Joyce of the Palladium Hospital, London, and warned a stethoscope by dangling it down my bosom.

Betsy Blair drove up on a scooter. Mr Shemoah appeared and said he wouldn't drink vodka, thank you, he would drink brandy.

Mr Shemoah was, it seemed, a diplomat. He had been First Minister to Israel in many, many legations (London, Paris, Rome, Washington) and he knew everything about the British Secret Service, and how one could use the Bible like a Baedeker and everything.

"He is the one man in the world I never interrupt," said Danny. "That is because I speak so very, very slowly," said Mr Shemoah. "And also because I am so deaf I cannot hear you interrupt me."

Danny was open-mouthed.

"You're crazy broad," said Danny, patting me on the leg. "Shall we dance? Listen to him talk. Isn't he wonderful?"

\* Shemmy: Head of Israel Tourist Bureau in Geneva. Nymy: Nyrdan Libson, top-class accountant.

Phil: Goldfarb, now owns enormous fancy goods business in U.S.A. Janny: Glinette Selmann, Director of Pierre Balmain, haute couture king.

Mr Shemoah said that all the trips in Israel (British, Jews, they were as well) hadn't shown a little path to the top of a hill that was mentioned by Joshua and they had looked at it and said: "Wait a minute." I said suddenly galvanised. "Do you know what the Ten Commandments are?" Mr Shemoah did not.

Danny, rescuing his friend, cried: "Well, very few people know the words of the 'Star Spangled Banner,' anyway."

"Oh I do so!" cried Betsy Blair.

"Sing it then!" cried Danny. And those two stood up to tip and bellowed their way solemnly from "Oh, say, can you see by the dawn's early light" down to "The rocks're red glare."

"Everybody dancing!" cried Danny, galloping madly on the spot, his two feet by now wearing socks only, his glow shoes abandoned in the cosy central heating of the George Cinq.

**Cured**

BY now (I hesitate to admit it) I was not only feeling a little bit tired, but somewhat sadder than when I had first come to Paris, France. When Mr Kaye seized me found the hips and whirled me singing, "Shall we dance?"

It was at that point that I tore myself away...and went back to my own hotel and had a bath and fell into a deep and dreamless sleep.

I did not even stir at eight o'clock the following morning when Danny Kaye no doubt arrived on the set at Nîmes, crying "Everybody dancing."

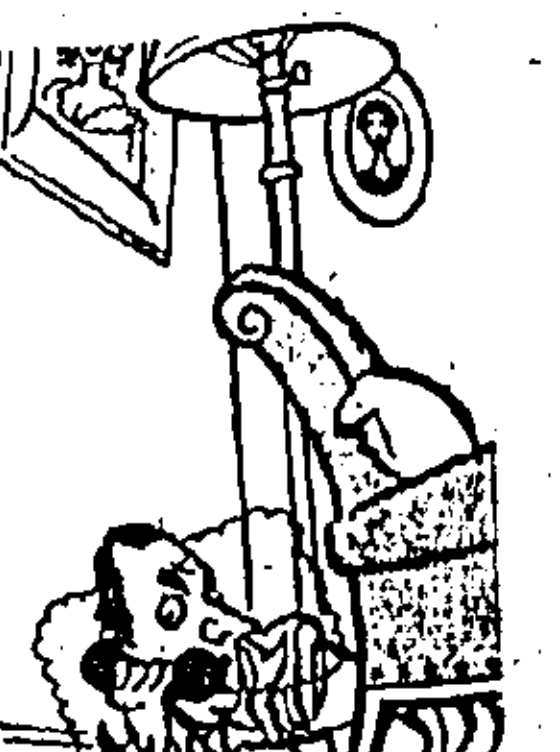
I was cured.

## A commentary by Cummings

THE TROUBLE WITH MARRIAGE IS THAT WOMEN HAVE TO MARRY MEN



At breakfast they're never cheerful, witty or gay.



They grumble when ugly machines are put tastelessly out of sight.



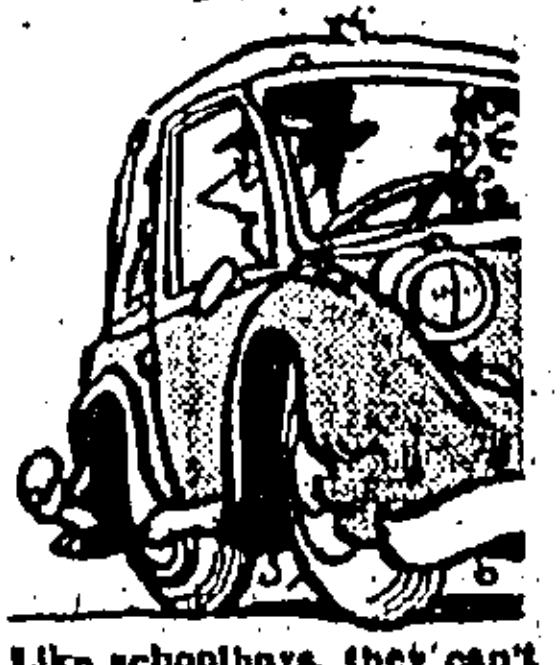
At the week-end they wear out chairs and carpets.



They make absurd complaints when the floors are polished.



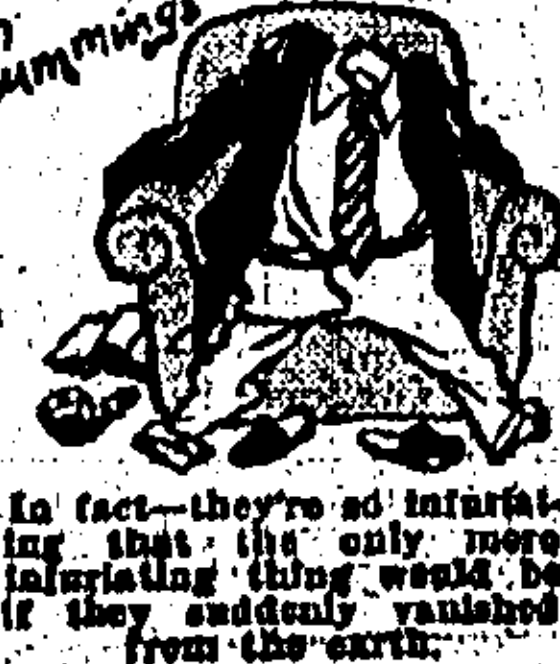
They indulge in moments of distraction—doubtless thinking about pretty girls at the office.



Like schoolboys, they can't keep their eyes off a new model, when their old one has scarcely done 100,000 miles.



When they return from the office they expect to be fed.



In fact—they're so infuriating that the only way of interpreting what they say would be if they suddenly vanished from the earth.



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## Mr. Paramor Comes Clean...

WITH the Royal Variety Show behind him, Norrie Paramor comes clean,

The man who rubbed shoulders with Gracie Fields, Tommy Steele and Judy Garland on the Palladium stage says: "I was on that show by a mere fluke."

Mr Paramor, conductor, composer, arranger, record company executive and pianist says so from behind the bar lounge of his large white stucco home in Hampstead where he lives with his wife, three children, a stereo-hi-fi record player and the most imposing record collection this side of Denmark Street.

He explains: "That Big Ben Banjo Band I presented before the Queen is something of a joke. I won't say I hate banjo bands. But I suppose you could say that I like them in a macabre sort of way."

"I formed the band in 1954 when my other work was getting me down. Formed it as a kind of safety valve, you might say. We made a record and then thought nothing more about it—until a couple of months later Columbia told me that they had sold 100,000 copies of it. Naturally, we made others. And now we're considered good."

enough to appear in a Royal Variety Performance."

On such slender foundations are show business reputations made.

If you like banjo bands (even in a macabre sort of way) hear the Big Ben Banjo Band on the Party Packet (Columbia 33).

The selection includes I Like To Be Beside the Seaside, The Charleston, Way Down Yonder and The More We Are Together.

### In the pub

With an audience imported from Wardour Street's Flamingo Club, the Tony Kinsey Quintet set up their stands for one night in the tap-room of The Railway Arms, a broad-minded pub next door to the Decca recording studios. The results can be heard on Jazz at the Flamingo (Decca 33). Here is cool, hard, driving jazz with notable solos by Billie Sage on piano and vibs and Joe Harriott on alto-sax.

### In brief...

Crosby and Sinatra offer their Christmas selections. A Christmas Sing With Bing (Brunswick 33) includes Happy Holiday, White Christmas, The First Noel, O Little Town of Bethlehem.

Frank Sinatra includes Jingle Bells, White Christmas, Santa Claus Is Coming To Town in Christmas Dreaming (Philips 33). All first-class emotional material.

### Ramsden Greig

#### CLASSICAL

**S**PEAKING a token for an opera fan should be easy this year. Few, imagine, would be disappointed with an opera recording in which Mme. Calas sings the principal role, and of these there have been a profusion in the past couple of months. For myself, I would choose the incomparable recording of Bellini's little-known La Sonnambula, but other close contenders are Verdi's Il Trovatore and Un Ballo in Maschera. All on Columbia LPs.

For a ballet fan something from Swan Lake is always acceptable. There are several recordings on the market, but Phillips have come up with a disc which seems destined for the best-seller lists. It is an LP containing a selection played by Andre Kostelanetz.

—DAVID BLACK  
(London Express Service).

## FICTION ON THE ROCK

THE ROCK. By Warren Tute. Cassell. 16s. 396 pages.

THE Rock is, of course, Gibraltar, and round the war-time activities of this naval outpost Mr Tute has woven one of his entertaining and informative "fictionalised documents."

The result is almost an exact equivalent in print of one of the better English war films. As the naval key to the Mediterranean, Gibraltar had a vital role in our war strategy. From Gibraltar was mounted that painful attack on the French fleet from Gibraltar the Bismarck was hunted down; from Gibraltar the siege of Malta was relieved, and the invasion of North Africa launched.

### Documentary

These, together with the routine of an ancient colony and a great naval base, are Mr Tute's documentary facts. And he brings them alive by inventing fictional characters to illustrate his main points. The new governor, appointed just before the outbreak to shake the colony out of its peacetime lethargy, is a tough and dedicated soldier.

He has to collect round himself a like-minded staff and this means shifting a vain admiral and a bureaucratic colonial secretary and finding better men.

Through him we watch the wheels of policy turning. A nephew of his happens to be the commander of a destroyer in the flotilla based on the Rock and through his eyes we see these policies translated into action.

Then there are the Gibraltarians the Rock scorpions, as they are disdainfully called. One is a disaffected near-Communist who brings us in touch with the dockyard workers and the 20,000 Spanish workers who come into the colony every day.

Another is a shipping magnate, Jaime Barbarossa, honorary ADC to the governor, whose two daughters provide a strongly developed love interest.

### Convincing

Mr Tute has done a skilful job with the large cast he has assembled. He keeps all the threads going convincingly; they weave and interweave, carrying our interest forward on two levels, the personal and the higher strategic. This kind of treatment does not allow for subtlety or finesse, but the broad outlines are clearly and vividly drawn, and give us very well the feel of the place and the time.

RICHARD LISTER  
(London Express Service).

Nancy Mitford on Voltaire . . . Mrs. Thomas on Dylan Thomas . . . Hesketh Pearson on W. S. Gilbert . . . Seldom has there been a publishing period richer in new disclosures about vivid people . . . Today critics select two more among the new books which enable us to See People Afresh . . .



# That Platonic Affair

by JOHN THOMPSON

**N**OWADAYS we do not believe in Platonic friendships between men and women. Such friendships without sex are like Christmas cake without the marzipan.

But this has not always been so, as a great new biography just published goes to show. Benjamin Jowett and Florence Nightingale were both in their different ways top Victorians.

She was the Lady with the Lamp, the heroine of the otherwise disastrous Crimean War. He was known as the finest teacher of his age, renowned and feared not only in Oxford but throughout the land.

The two of them also enjoyed an entirely Platonic friendship that now makes fascinating reading. Mrs Cecil Woodham Smith's brilliant life of Florence Nightingale (published in 1950) has already told us something of the story. Now Sir Geoffrey Faber has completed the tale with his *JOWETT* (Faber and Faber, 30s.).

Florence and Jowett first met not in person but by letter. They were pen-friends long before they became devoted to each other. Though even before they

were introduced, Florence, who scared the wits out of the War Office of her day, used to scribble in the margin of Benjamin's letters: "I do so like Mr Jowett."

It all began when John Stuart Mill asked Jowett to advise Florence about what she called her "stuff." The stuff was an enormous, confused mass of papers, mostly laying down her views on every other topic under the sun. Jowett bravely advised this formidable woman that she must on no account publish the "stuff."

### INVALID

**W**HEN they first corresponded with each other Jowett was 43, Florence was 40. But this turned out to be much more than a brief encounter. Their pen-friendship burgeoned into an intimacy that lasted for more than 30 years, only ending with Jowett's death.

Characteristically, Florence outlived him by 17 years. He died at 70. She lived on to a ripe old 87.

They first met when Florence invited Jowett, who was a clergyman, to come and administer the Sacrament to her as she lay ill. For most of

the rest of the time while they were friends she remained semi-invalid.

But she was the most formidable semi-invalid of the Victorian Age. From her sick-bed she stayed in every direction.

So formidable was she that Sir Geoffrey Faber says she drove two of her most ardent admirers to their tombs. But Jowett survived where Sidney Herbert and Arthur Hugh Clough succumbed.

What was he like, this eminent Victorian who stood up so well to the Lady with the Lamp? He was short of stature, his voice never broke. He spoke always in a quiet, near-falsetto tone. He had not tubby hands like a baby's. Undergraduates called him the "downy owl."

Yet on his reduced scale he was strikingly handsome. When he was a schoolboy at St Paul's the other boys called him Miss Jowett. In adult life his effeminate prettiness was transformed into masculine good looks that turned many a feminine heart.

### PARTIES

**W**HEN he became Master of Balliol College, Oxford, at the age of 53 his guests were invited with such apparent wiliness that his dinner-parties were known in Oxford as Jowett's Jumbles.

His butler was once heard to suppress a groan as he helped a

guest out of his coat. "I hope you have no cause for anxiety at home?" inquired the guest, ponderous with Victorian good intentions. "No, sir, it's nothing," replied the butler, "only the master invited 12 to dinner tonight and you are the 18th who has come."

### HE SCOLDED

**A**S the years went by Jowett's friendship with Florence ripened. He hardly ever went to London without going to see her for the afternoon. He went often to stay with her family either in London or at one of their country houses.

He used to scold her telling her to be more charitable, not to fuss so much, and not to exaggerate. She was to be more considerate of others, he wrote, and she ought to be prouder of herself and her achievements.

The affection between them became devotion. Benjamin, the cherubic don, was soon "my darling Jowett." Florence's family even supposed that Jowett had asked her to marry him, but that she had refused.

However, it is not at all certain that Jowett would have consented to be her husband. In those days a don at Balliol had to have special permission from his college before he might be married, and Balliol would not release him.

### LETTERS

**N**EVERTHELESS, Florence left her mark on Jowett. Every summer he used to take a reading party of undergraduates away during the Long Vacation. His friendship with Florence was beginning to exhaust him.

When he shut himself in his room his pupils supposed that he was working at his translation of Plato. They were wrong. He was writing, writing, writing the enormous letters that she exacted from him. Far into the night (while the reading party slept) Jowett was writing to his pen-pal.

And so the affair went on, Platonic to the end, though often their only chaperon was Florence's cat, Mr. Muff. Jowett once confessed in his diary that there was one happiness he had never known. But even if his friendship was strictly sexless he could still write a few days before his death: "How large a part has your life been of my life?"

So he died—the don of whom the poet Swinburne wrote that "it was difficult to imagine him dead as it was to think of most dons alive."

### A POTTED GUIDE TO THE REST

**THE PRICE OF DIAMONDS**, by Dan Jacobson (Weldon & Nicholson, 15s. 6d.). A packet of diamonds separates the Fluke and Mr. Clift, respectable business partners in a one-horse South African town. This time even the women are frightened by these illicit little rocks. Slightly too long, but comic. Emphatically a writer to watch.

**THE MYTHMAKER**, by Sarah Gasham (Arthur Barker, 12s. 6d.). This search for a fanatical survivor from Hitler's bunker makes carefully mixed, feminine mystery. Young British officer (37) noses the scent through Hunksian relations in Vienna during Harry Lime's 1946. Writing exotically, but story cruises at high speed.

**AN ATLAS OF WORLD AFFAIRS**, by Andrew Boyd (Methuen, 15s.). Up-to-date geography lesson in 70 brief instalments, explaining modern world for busy man plenty of excellent maps. Will also help the enthusiast. (The index is quite good) press his point home with facts, dates, and figures.

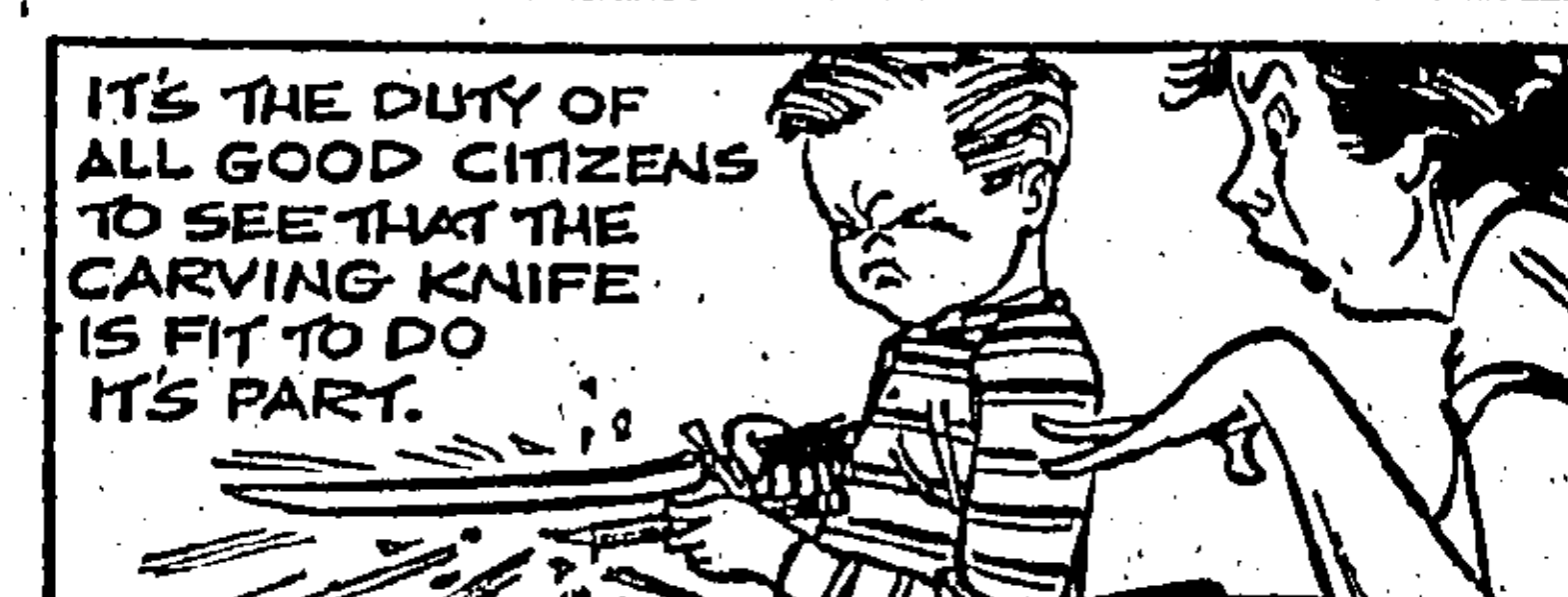
## VIGNETTES OF LIFE

### Turkey Capers

BY HARRY WEINERT



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# Your Radio Listening For Next Week In Detail — A "China Mail" Feature

## New Radio Hongkong Programme Includes Something For Every Listener

A new scrapbook programme including something for every listener will be inaugurated over Radio Hongkong at 8.15 on Wednesday evening. This 40-minute collection of odds and ends of radio entertainment is entitled "Patchwork" and the material will be gathered each fortnight and sewn together by Gillian Durling.

The linking thread will be the voice of the narrator, Peter Preston. No set pattern has been decided for this programme and at each broadcast a large variety of items will be provided.

Listeners who do not normally get the opportunity to broadcast are invited to come along and spin their favourite yarn or anecdote. There will be a pause for poetry to suit widely varying tastes, and amongst many other subjects the progress of modern science will be traced.

It is not often that film music becomes accepted and popular before the film in which it is featured is exhibited, but the music of the musical show "Pal Joey" is an exception. In "Music from the Movies" at 8.15 on Monday evening Radio Hongkong will be broadcasting music from the sound-track of this film, in which the voices of the stars, Frank Sinatra, Rita Hayworth and Kim Novak, will be heard.

"Music from the Movies" is compiled by Miss Alison Woods, one of the programme assistants at Radio Hongkong, who is also responsible for the arrangements and compilation of the station's early morning programmes and many of the programmes which include light music.

The Saturday evening dance music programme "Out and About", in which Radio Hongkong commentators move out to the nightclubs of the city and introduce all the gaiety and the music to the listeners, will broadcast its last show from Paramount this evening at 10.30. Next week the team will move to a different club and continue their programme in the same manner but with a new band.

Radio Hongkong will be playing on the air until 12.05 this evening, as to bring listeners the whole of the second half of the BBC commentary on the Rugby Union Football International between Scotland and France. The live commentary will be from Murrayfield in Edinburgh and will be relayed by Radio Hongkong from 11.15 until the end of the game.

In "Monday Recital" at 8.30 on Monday evening, mezzo-soprano Josephine Hall will be in the concert hall of Radio Hongkong to present a short recital of songs, which will include works by Schumann, Grieg, Hagerman and Frank Bridge. Josephine Hall is an Australian at present visiting the Colony. She will be accompanied at the piano by Moyn Rea.

### Today

12.30 p.m. COMPOSER CAVALCADE  
Leroy Anderson.  
1.00 TIME SIGNAL.  
1.05 MUSIC FROM THE MOVIES.  
Leroy Anderson (Cont'd).  
1.15 WEATHER REPORT.  
1.20 NEWS, SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.  
1.25 LUNCHTIME MUSIC.  
1.30 SPORTS ROUND-UP.  
1.35 HAWAIIAN MUSIC.  
1.40 ANGEL PAVEMENT.  
1.45 DRAMATISED HONOUR A.G.S. Part 6: "Warning Note".  
1.50 MUSIC FROM THE MOVIES.  
1.55 HAWAIIAN MUSIC.  
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### Sunday

8.00 a.m. TIME SIGNAL.  
8.05 WEATHER REPORT.  
8.10 PROGRAMME PARADE.  
8.15 MUSIC FROM THE MOVIES.  
8.20 MORNING MELODY.  
8.25 WEATHER REPORT.  
8.30 TIME SIGNAL, THE NEWS.  
8.35 SPORTS ROUND-UP.  
8.40 NEWS, SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.  
8.45 LUNCHTIME MUSIC.  
8.50 SPORTS ROUND-UP.  
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Spike Milligan, comedian and scriptwriter and one of the Goons who indulge in a mixture of logic and lunacy in the popular radio feature, "The Goon Show."

### BBC Overseas Shortwave Programmes

(6.30 p.m. to 12.15 a.m. on 25.750 Mc/s, 11.65 Mc/s and 21.550 Mc/s, 13.92 Mc/s)

**SATURDAY, JAN. 11**  
6.30 p.m. THE GOON SHOW.  
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**Monday**  
7.00 a.m. TIME SIGNAL.  
7.05 WEATHER REPORT.  
7.10 PROGRAMME PARADE.  
7.15 MUSIC FROM THE MOVIES.  
7.20 MORNING MELODY.  
7.25 WEATHER REPORT.  
7.30 TIME SIGNAL, THE NEWS.  
7.35 SPORTS ROUND-UP.  
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### Friday

7.00 a.m. TIME SIGNAL.  
7.05 WEATHER REPORT.  
7.10 PROGRAMME PARADE.  
7.15 MUSIC FROM THE MOVIES.  
7.20 MORNING MELODY.  
7.25 WEATHER REPORT.  
7.30 TIME SIGNAL, THE NEWS.  
7.35 SPORTS ROUND-UP.  
7.40 NEWS, SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.  
7.45 LUNCHTIME MUSIC.  
7.50 SPORTS ROUND-UP.  
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**POPULARITY POLL**  
Presented by Mrs. Thomas.  
1.15 NEWS SUMMARY.  
1.20 MORNING MELODY.  
1.25 WEATHER REPORT.  
1.30 TIME SIGNAL, THE NEWS.  
1.35 COMMENTARY.  
1.40 YOUR WEEK END.  
1.45 NEWS FROM TODAY.  
1.50 WEATHER REPORT.  
1.55 TIME SIGNAL, THE NEWS.  
2.00 PROGRAMME PARADE.  
2.05 MUSIC IN THE AIR.  
2.10 CLOSE DOWN.  
2.15 P.M. MORNING PRAYERS.  
By the Rev. Father R.V. Gallagher S.J.  
2.20 MANTOVANI AND HIS ORCHESTRA.  
2.25 TIME SIGNAL.  
2.30 SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.  
2.35 WOMEN ONLY.  
2.40 NEWS SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.  
2.45 WOMEN ONLY.  
2.50 NEWS SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.  
2.55 EVENING SERENADE.  
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## BBC Programme Highlights For The Coming Week

**Vera Lynn Sings 'You're Sincerely'**  
Vera Lynn, the singing sweetheart of millions, will be on the air again this week in the General Overseas Service in a new series of her own programme "You're Sincerely".  
With broadcasts for listeners in Britain and overseas, television appearances and gramophone recordings, Vera Lynn is still doing time to make her own curtains and lay her own carpets in the cottage into which she has just moved with her husband and her young daughter. However, though house-moving duties may weigh on the girl who during the war flew 30,000 miles to entertain the forces, Vera Lynn is still doing time to make her own curtains and lay her own carpets in the cottage into which she has just moved with her husband and her young daughter. However, though house-moving duties may weigh on the girl who during the war flew 30,000 miles to entertain the forces, Vera Lynn is still doing time to make her own curtains and lay her own carpets in the cottage into which she has just moved with her husband and her young daughter. However, though house-moving duties may weigh on the girl who during the war flew 30,000 miles to entertain the forces, Vera Lynn is still doing time to make her own curtains and lay her own carpets in the cottage into which she has just moved with her husband and her young daughter. However, though house-moving duties may weigh on the girl who during the war flew 30,000 miles to entertain the forces, Vera Lynn is still doing time to make her own curtains and lay her own carpets in the cottage into which she has just moved with her husband and her young daughter. However, though house-moving duties may weigh on the girl who during the war flew 30,000 miles to entertain the forces, Vera Lynn is still doing time to make her own curtains and lay her own carpets in the cottage into which she has just moved with her husband and her young daughter. However, though house-moving duties may weigh on the girl who during the war flew 30,000 miles to entertain the forces, Vera Lynn is still doing time to make her own curtains and lay her own carpets in the cottage into which she has just moved with her husband and her young daughter. However, though house-moving duties may weigh on the girl who during the war flew 30,000 miles to entertain the forces, Vera Lynn is still doing time to make her own curtains and lay her own carpets in the cottage into which she has just moved with her husband and her young daughter. However, though house-moving duties may weigh on the girl who during the war flew 30,000 miles to entertain the forces, Vera Lynn is still doing time to make her own curtains and lay her own carpets in the cottage into which she has just moved with her husband and her young daughter. However, though house-moving duties may weigh on the girl who during the war flew 30,000 miles to entertain the forces, Vera Lynn is still doing time to make her own curtains and lay her own carpets in the cottage into which she has just moved with her husband and her young daughter. However, though house-moving duties may weigh on the girl who during the war flew 30,000 miles to entertain the forces, Vera Lynn is still doing time to make her own curtains and lay her own carpets in the cottage into which she has just moved with her husband and her young daughter. However, though house-moving duties may weigh on the girl who during the war flew 30,000 miles to entertain the forces, Vera Lynn is still doing time to make her own curtains and lay her own carpets in the cottage into which she has just moved with her husband and her young daughter. However, though house-moving duties may weigh on the girl who during the war flew 30,000 miles to entertain the forces, Vera Lynn is still doing time to make her own curtains and lay her own carpets in the cottage into which she has just moved with her husband and her young daughter. However, though house-moving duties may weigh on the girl who during the war flew 30,000 miles to entertain the forces, Vera Lynn is still doing time to make her own curtains and lay her own carpets in the cottage into which she has just moved with her husband and her young daughter. However, though house-moving duties may weigh on the girl who during the war flew 30,000 miles to entertain the forces, Vera Lynn is still doing time to make her own curtains and lay her own carpets in the cottage into which she has just moved with her husband and her young daughter. However, though house-moving duties may weigh on the girl who during the war flew 30,000 miles to entertain the forces, Vera Lynn is





## "Good Companion"

Leather & Suede Jackets  
are known to Sportsmen  
everywhere!  
Ideal for Wear All Winter.

Made in England by E. Fink & Sons Ltd.  
ON SALE AT ALL DEPARTMENT STORES  
AND LEADING GENTS' OUTFITTERS  
IN HONG KONG AND KOWLOON

Sole Agents: K. Caudron & Co.  
French Bank Bldg., 3rd floor

## THE HONG KONG JOCKEY CLUB SEVENTH RACE MEETING

Saturday 18th and Sunday 25th January 1958

(To be held under the Rules of the Hong Kong Jockey Club)

THE PROGRAMME WILL CONSIST OF 10 RACES.

The First Race will be run at 1.30 p.m. and the First Race run at 2.00 p.m. on both days.

The Secretary's Office at Alexandra House will close at 11.45 a.m. on both days.

### MEMBERS' ENCLOSURE

NO PERSON WITHOUT A BADGE WILL BE ADMITTED.  
All persons MUST wear their badges prominently displayed throughout the meeting.

Admission Badges at \$10.00 each per day are obtainable from the Club's Cash Sweep Office, at Queen's Building, Chater Road and 382 Nathan Road only on the written introduction of a Member, who will be responsible for all visitors introduced by him.

Tickets will be obtainable at the Club House if ordered in advance from the No. 1 Box (Tel. 7281).

The 6th Floor is restricted to Members and Ladies wearing Lady's Brooches.

NO CHILDREN will be admitted to the Club's premises during the Meeting. For this purpose a Child is a person under the age of seventeen years, Western Standard.

### PUBLIC ENCLOSURE

The price of admission will be \$3.00 each per day payable at the Gate.

Any person leaving the Enclosure will be required to pay the requisite fee of \$3.00 in order to gain re-admission.

MEALS and REFRESHMENTS will be obtainable in the RESTAURANT.

### SERVANTS

Servants must remain in their employers' boxes except for passing through on their duties. They may on no account use the Betting Booths or Pay Out Booths in the Enclosures.

### CASH SWEEPS

Through Cash Sweep Tickets at \$10.00 each for each day and \$20.00 each for both days may be obtained from the Cash Sweep Offices at Queen's Building, (Chater Road), and 5, D'Almeida Street during normal office hours and until 10.00 a.m. on the 1st day of the Race Meeting.

Particular numbers within the series 1 to 3,000 may be reserved for all race meetings as Through Tickets. Such tickets will be issued consecutively only and the right is reserved by the Stewards to cancel any reservation for Through Tickets for a particular Meeting if it is found that sales may not reach the number reserved in the series 1 to 3,000.

In the case of two-day Race Meetings, Through Tickets may be purchased for each day of the Meeting provided that the second day is on a date not less than five days after the first day. In all other cases Through Tickets will only be sold for the whole Meeting. Tickets reserved and available but not sold for by 10.00 a.m. on Friday, 17th January, 1958, will be sold and the reservation cancelled for future Meetings.

Tickets over 3,000 will also be issued consecutively, but particular numbers cannot be reserved as Through Tickets.

The reservation of any particular number does not confer on the registered holder any rights whatsoever unless the ticket bearing the appropriate number is issued to and can be produced by the holder.

The Stewards reserve the right to refuse any subscription also the right to remove any name from Subscription Lists without stating reasons for their action.

Tickets for the Special Cash Sweep on the Pearce Memorial Cup scheduled to be run on 25th January, 1958, at \$2.00 each may be obtained from the Cash Sweep Offices at—

Queen's Building (Chater Road) and 5, D'Almeida Street on  
Mondays to Fridays ..... 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.  
Saturday, 18th January ..... 9 a.m. to 11 a.m.

382, Nathan Road, Kowloon  
Mondays to Fridays ..... 10 a.m. to 4 p.m.  
Saturday, 18th January ..... 9 a.m. to 11 a.m.

### TOTALISATOR

Backers are advised not to destroy or throw away their tickets until after the "all clear" signal has been exhibited.

ALL WINNING TICKETS and TICKETS FOR REFUNDS MUST BE PRESENTED FOR PAYMENT AT THE RACE COURSE ON THE DAY TO WHICH THEY REFER. NOT LATER THAN ONE HOUR AFTER THE TIME FOR WHICH THE LAST RACE OF THE DAY HAS BEEN SCHEDULED TO BE RUN.

PAYMENTS WILL NOT BE MADE ON TORN OR DISFIGURED TICKETS.

Bookmakers, Tip Men, etc., will not be permitted to operate within the precincts of the Hong Kong Jockey Club.

By Order of the Stewards,

A. E. Arnold,  
Secretary.

# SOME POST-WACKER REFLECTIONS

## Were The Primary Objects Of Such A Visit Fulfilled?

Asks I. M. MacTAVISH

Standing in the car park at the Hongkong Stadium late last Saturday afternoon I got into conversation with a couple of regular followers of football in the Colony. Naturally the subject was soccer in general and the visiting Wacker team in particular.

We made all the conventional gambits but I was most interested in a group of questions thrown into the talking by one of the gentlemen. He asked quite simply "Why does the Hongkong Football Association bring these visiting sides to the Colony? What is the main object of it all. Is it intended as a bonus entertainment for the fans... or is it planned primarily as a sort of soccer education for those who play or control the game here?"

As a well known actor would say "That's a good question" but, may I ask how you would answer it?

Personally I do not believe the educational and entertainment aspects of these visits can be divorced. They are complementary, for after all it is the fact that the fans are ready to pay for the entertainment that makes the educational angle possible.

It might be much more useful to ask a subsidiary question "are the main objects of the visits being fulfilled?"

If the fans like variety—in its widest vaudeville sense—then they must surely have had their entertainment element out of the Wacker visit. But if they wanted to see good orthodox football, played with purposeful determination and the will to win, then there must have been times when they were sadly disappointed.

When football fans are asked to pay top prices they have every right to expect top class fare... and by no stretch of imagination can it be suggested that they got it in either the first or second games of the series which has just finished.

In the first match the Hongkong Selection side was too weak to be true.

Some of the decisions during the game were simply beyond comprehension and the visitors had every right to feel they were being shabbily treated. Certainly they did not justify their appalling conduct, but human nature being what it is, it put an edge on their tempers and I don't have to remind you of the consequences.

There is adequate evidence for example that there were two Hongkong players inside the 10' when Hongkong's first penalty kick was retaken. The instruction was apparently obvious to everyone except the referee, yet all the well founded protestations of the Austrians went unheeded.

From there on the game deteriorated into nothing better than a football rabble. That is, the entertainment aspect of the game was completely lost. The referee was a poor excuse for a referee, and the players were a disgrace. The game was a complete failure.

### Academic Point

An interesting academic point that was being widely discussed after the game concerned the position a linesman should take up when a penalty kick is being taken. When Hongkong's second penalty kick was awarded one of the linesmen planted himself at the junction of the six yards line and the byeline... with his flag ready to indicate any infringement by the goalkeeper.

In the opinion of many knowledgeable football folk such a position is most unfair to the defending team and in particular to the goalkeeper. There are those who sympathize with the visitors because, in the razzing circumstances, existed at the time, it might have been regarded by them as a provocative move particularly after what happened both at the earlier penalty kick and in the time between.

The handling of the second game was a great improvement. It was even better in the final game when some of the Austrian party were loud in their praise of the Hongkong players. There was one incident in the game however which is worthy of comment and serious consideration because it was something which, in a split second, the very best intentions set it could have had unfortunate consequences.

Late in the second half one of the Wacker players was apparently badly injured in a clash with a Hongkong player. He fell to the ground and rolled about in pain. It was quite impossible for any linesman to judge accurately the extent of his injury, but first a linesman and then a Hongkong player tried forcibly to drag him to his feet off the wet ground. The intention was praiseworthy but the consequences could have been far-reaching, particularly if a free-

ture or a rupture had occurred. The desire to help someone who is hurt is both humane and instinctive, but in the best interests of an injured footballer he should not be touched until professional aid is available.

In this instance the player was eventually taken to hospital for close examination. Fortunately this revealed no serious injury, but had one existed it might well have been aggravated by the mishandling he received on the field. Players and field officials should never do more than restrain an injured player until the trainer has examined him.

### Dry Comfort

The Wacker visit did prove one important thing. It proved that the Hongkong football public is ready and willing to sit out in the rain and watch a big and attractive football match... but is not ready and willing to pay high prices for the privilege of sitting in the dry comfort of the grandstand.

In the first game the covered accommodation was bare empty. In the second game, when the popular Combined Chinese were in action, there were great unoccupied gaps in the stand; and even when the third game was played in the rain there were still hundreds of vacant seats.

I understand that the HKFA will not be down financially on the series and that is reassuring news for the Hongkong football public. It is a pity that it does in every other sphere. Nevertheless it is a subject which should not be forgotten when long distance visitors again play here.

It would surely be better business to pack the stadium at night with a few thousand people to watch a game which would be a great pity if our thousands of fervent football fans were denied the opportunity of saying it in their own particular Chinese dialect.

### Two Good Games

After the thrills and squalls of international football we get back to the comparative domestication of League football again and the week-end fixture list contains two games that are certain to attract the fans.

This afternoon Sing Tao meet South China at the Stadium. (Incidentally it will cost only \$1.20 for a seat on the popular side) and there should be a big crowd to see the game.

Tomorrow KMB and Kitchener meet in their return engagement and with the first meeting still very much in mind KMB will be arm and leg. This will be the first time in purely local soccer that increased prices have been charged for the Centre Stand... and opposition to the whole idea is rising steadily.

### THIS AFTERNOON'S RUGBY

## The Taipan's XV Should Hold A Slight Edge Over The General's

Says "PAK LO"

A large crowd of rugby fans will all be wending their way this afternoon to watch that now famous annual fixture, the "Taipan's" game, which will take place on the Club ground at 4.15 p.m.

The "Taipan's" XV will be opposed by a XV representing the CBF, Lt. Gen. Sir Edric M. Bastyan, KBE, CB. In the curtain raiser at 3.00 p.m. a XV representing the Commissioner of Police, Mr. A. C. Maxwell, CMG, will take the field against a XV representing the Naval Commodore, Commodore G. D. A. Gregory, DSO, RN.

Today's "Taipan" is that well known Hongkong figure Mr. D. Black of Messrs Peat, Marwick and Mitchell, and it is to Mr. Black's credit that he has been the Honorary Treasurer of the HKFC since 1931. He hopes to make it a round 30 years before his retirement from the Colony.

In his youth Mr. Black played for the Former Pupils of the Royal High School in Scotland, at the same time as the present director of the PWD, Mr. A. Inglis. Mr. Black also played for the HKFC in 1929-30, though he himself is the first to stress that it was only the "B" XV. In 1931 he joined the now defunct Kowloon Rugby Club, and since his retirement from the game has always taken a keen interest not only in the game itself but also in the fortunes of the HKFC.

This fixture which has now been in force since 1951, with the exception of 1953, was first mooted by Vernon Roberts in 1950. His intention in suggesting the fixture was to arouse the interest of the leading businessmen of the Colony, and at the same time to bring them into contact with the outstanding rugby players of the day. Naturally it has therefore become a great honour among players to be selected for either XV.

General Sir Robert Mansergh, KCB, KBE, MC, who was General Officer Commanding at that time, very generously donated the handsome Trophy. Now the games themselves, since this is a mixture of players from every major rugby

XV in the Colony, it is extremely difficult to select the winners. However, this column is always willing to stick its neck out over this much. If the CBF's XV should be the more dangerous, for here Green, Elkins, and Abbott should outshine their opponents.

Therefore a fairly steady supply of the ball to the "Taipan's" XV, with much depending on the ability of the "Taipan's" halves to get the ball cleanly away to their thirds.

This they should do, as long as O'Kelly does not try his "standing dumplings". Behind them they have a strong attacking line, it is one which also looks slightly stronger in defence than their opponents, for the CBF's XV could be stronger on the wings, and I am not persuaded that Gerrard is a better wing than a centre. Overall then, a very slight superiority to the "Taipan's" XV, which should give them victory.

In the first game Mr. Maxwell's XV should, like the "Taipan's", get most of the ball from the scrums, though the Commodore's XV has the better lineout men. In the loose Black and Gault should prove the up-setting factors, and Steward should have a hard time in getting his passes away. The Commodore's XV, though strong on the wings, could be strengthened in the centre for both centre thirds are inclined to hold on too long to the ball. The stronger three on Mr. Maxwell's XV should therefore pave the way to victory.

As there is no racing today, a large crowd is expected, and my advice to those wanting good seats, is to get there early.

### The Teams

Taipan's XV: Bushy, Hadow, Daidal, Chedoke, Bide, O'Kelly, Robertson, Williams (Capt.), Theobald, Bousfield, Winder, Campbell, L. Miller, Walker, CBF's XV: Leppard, Gerrard (Capt.), Valentini, Gould, Little, Andlaw, Rowe, Whiteley, Cunningham, Howe, Muntz, Hemmingsway, Green, Abbott, Elkins, Andrews, Forsyth, Shaffer, Arthur, Steele, Brown, Blair, Hirst, Gault, Commodore's XV: Rickwood, Sharp, Walton, Alfrey (Capt.), Black, Steward, Gillett, Kilbert, Kilbert, Rose, Carpenter, Gascoigne, Watt, Lowe.

### Yesterday's Game

In a hard, fast, but scrappy game yesterday afternoon the 24 Field Regiment won the Army Inter-Unit Final by 3 points (1 penalty goal)—converted by Hadow—to nil to beat the 1st Royal Tank and thus earn the right to a trip to Singapore to contest the PARELS title.

## Famous Sports Stars I Have Met

R. T. Gabe  
By Archie Quick

Cardiff is a great sports centre, even if the City are in the Second Division. The Welsh metropolis is agog with mounting excitement at the coming of the Empire Games in the summer. Glamorganshire cricketers are keeping fit at squash rackets under the expert eye of wicketkeeper Haydn Davies. Rugby is as full of fervour as ever at Arms Park and in the shadows are many giants of yesterday.

Not the least in stature is the fabulous R. T. Gabe, the three quarter who played 24 times for Wales between 1901 and 1908. Now 77 years old, he lives in Cardiff's suburb, and when I was in South Wales at Christmastide I was introduced to the great man by that equally famous full back Vivian Jenkins. A redoubtable master, Gabe played for his hometown club, Cardiff and London Welsh in the Golden Days of Welsh football, in general, and Welsh three quarter play, in particular.

Gabe and his illustrious contemporaries won the Triple Crown six times in eleven seasons, and "R. T." (Rhys Thomas) was in the fifteen that won the historic match against the All Blacks in 1905 through the agency of Dicky Owen's try. Gabe was in three Triple Crown teams.

No rose-tinted spectacles to look at the past for this pleasant, forthright gentleman. "If I was playing today," he said, "I know I would find the modern game very difficult to play. It is a pity that the times have changed, but in my time we had no spilling wing forwards to contend with. It is harder for the backs to shine today. They are just as good, and they have my sympathy. Present day football, however, lacks the spectacle of three quarters on the run in long combined movements."

### Straight Running

Reminiscing, Mr. Gabe added: "Can you imagine a lurch, cumbersome forward in present day football scoring three tries from the wing? Newport forward Jed Hodges did it against England at Swansea in 1903. He had been removed from the pack and got his tries simply by straight running. It could not happen now."

Two great controversies raged round R. T. Gabe during his career. The first was when he crash-bumped George Davies of Swansea, took poor Davies' place in the Welsh team, and never lost it. Not once was Gabe overlooked by the selectors. The other incident was in 1905 against the New Zealanders when Bob Deane, of New Zealand, dived for the line and Gabe pulled him back by his shirt. No try was awarded, although Gabe at first thought Deane had scored, only to realise that he had not because he was still struggling to go forward.

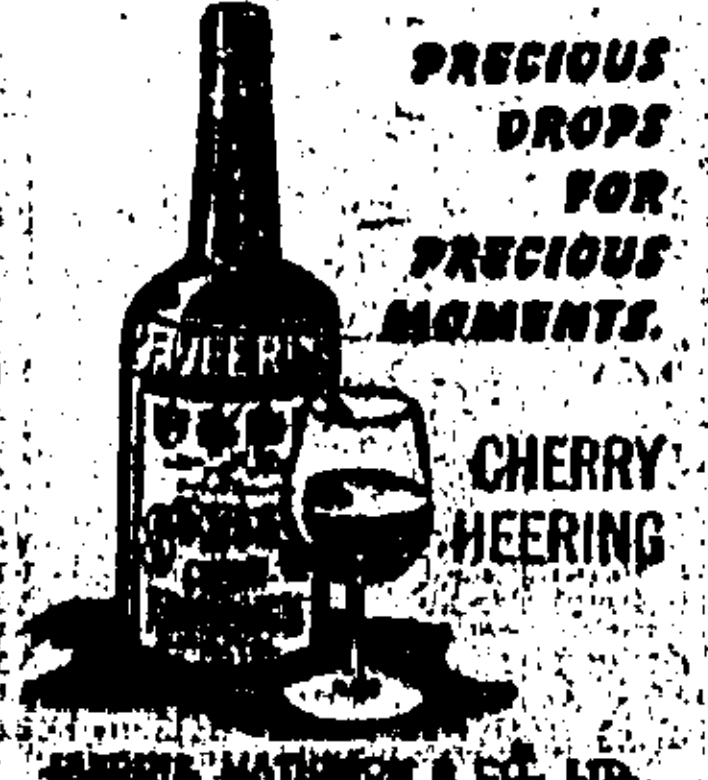
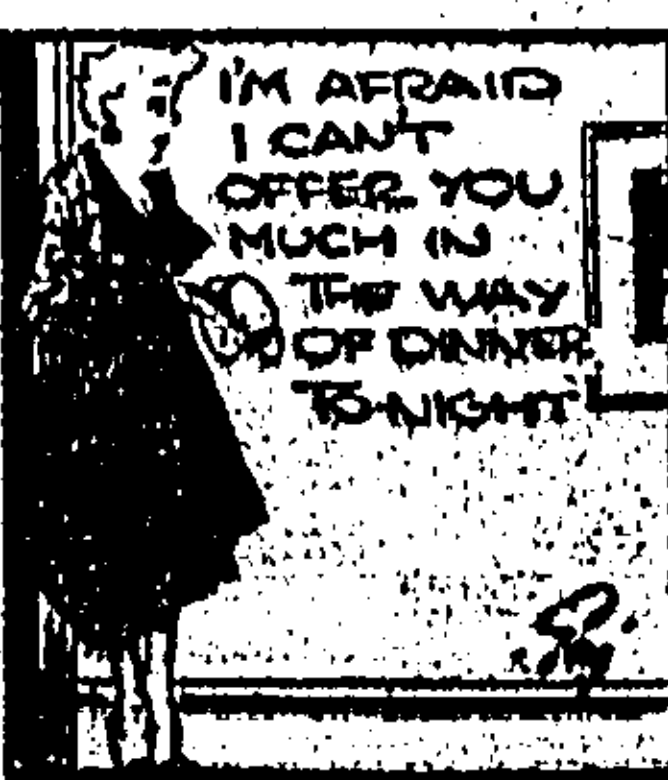
Mr. Gabe's other unusual experience was as a boy. He was playing for Kilgerich, and Llanelli threatened to have him suspended by the League if he did not play for them. He was in the competition. So young Gabe changed clubs and started on the road to fame. Even so, he retired at the early age of 28 to marry. He has recently won the Rugby International Golf Cup, and does with the "Journalist" and in his only appearance for Glamorgan County Cricket Club he was run out before he even had a chance of playing a ball.

## SPORTS QUIZ

1. Who played for the United States in the final of the 1957 Davis Cup contest?
2. A cricketer, a golfer, and a boxer were named in the New Year's Honours List. Names please?
3. How many different world boxing titles were won by Henry Armstrong?
4. Pad a inch (Anag). The smaller the better.
5. What sports would you expect to see at—(a) Murrayfield (b) Newmarket (c) Highbury?
6. Which club has won the FA Cup the most times since the war?
7. With which sports do we associate these terms—(a) home run (b) ditcher (c) mid-on?
8. Who was the top scorer in the first Test between Australia and South Africa in the present series?
9. Sunday, Wyndburgh, Tibbetta was the order of the first three horses in which race last year?
10. What's the name? "Educated for the priesthood... became a plumber... took up professional basketball... won world heavyweight title... went on the stage."

Answers See Page 17

### POP.





# "Time Out" On The Weekend's Softball

## BEST GAME IN JUNIOR LEAGUE

### Cheyennes v. Seminoles Match May Decide The Championship

With the end of the softball season just two months away the race for the various championships narrows down to a few top teams in the three divisions. The Saints and Warriors lie neck to neck in the Senior League, likewise the Cheyennes and Seminoles in the Junior section while the introduction of a third round of games in the Ladies' League leaves the destination of the Pennant open to some conjecture although South China and the Hurricanes are favoured to eventually meet in the finals.

This weekend's Senior games should see the Saints and the Warriors maintain their positions at the head of the League table since both teams are pitted against mediocre opposition in the form of the two cellarites, CAA and South China respectively. The biggest game of the week will see the champion Seminoles clashing with their arch rivals, the Cheyennes, in what is virtually the decider for the Junior League championship.

Fred Diesta's P.I. Dodgers and Sheridan Hamel's Comets open the League programme at 2 p.m. today and another exciting game should be witnessed. Hamel's team lost by 10 runs to 12 in the first meeting but by all accounts they should have taken this game with ease. In the final inning the Comets loaded the sacks but with none away failed to score the tying and winning runs as their batters went down in quick order.

Since then this team which showed so much promise earlier in the season, has been slipping up badly. The tonic needed for a revival of fortunes is a win over the Dodgers but it will take more than a "pep talk" from Manager Hamel to see his boys through. On the other hand the Dodgers with only two losses to date still pose a threat to the top teams. In view of their fine showing in recent games all pitcher Reuben Despa needs to notch up another victory is some solid batting support from his mates. The nod goes to the Dodgers but it will be a victory by only the narrowest of margins if the Comets display the form they are capable of.

#### In Fine Form

Immediately afterwards, Frank Wong's University side take on the War Eagles. "How are the mighty fallen" is certainly an apt remark when one speaks of the Eagles. This fine team which ended in third place in the Junior League last year, is now languishing at the foot of the League table. Star hurler Lau Man-long is pitching insipidly, but one cannot really blame him for his uninspiring performances because his teammates have not been giving him the necessary support either.

The University, previously thrashed the Eagles by 17 runs to 5 and are favoured to repeat. With pitcher George Chien currently in fine form, shortstop Man-long is pitching insipidly, Manuel Nunes now guarding the alley like the veteran he is, plus the team's unrelenting enthusiasm for the game a loss for the U is really unthinkable.

Tomorrow's games, with the exception of the Seminoles and Cheyennes encounter, should be one-sided affairs with little to offer except the doubtful pleasure of spending an interrupted quiet day at the ball park. The Hurricanes open

proceedings at 10.00 a.m. when they meet the Overseas in a Ladies' game. The latter, with an average of 24 runs scored against them in the last three games, are obviously out for experience only and judging from the results no one can deny that they have achieved this object—but what a costly price to pay.

Merrell's thrashings have failed to daunt the Overseas. They are in for yet another massacre, but hats off to a team that has plenty of "guts" and little else. The Hurricanes are expected to trample all over the opposition to keep level with South China in the League standings.

#### Timely Hitting

At 11.30 a.m. the strong Warriors side takes on South China in the first of two Senior games slated for the day. The Warriors were TKO'd in five short innings previously as "Goose" Wong hurled a one-hitter. This time Wong is aiming for that elusive no-hit game and if his side backs him up with some timely hitting and steady fielding there is no reason why the coveted honour should not come his way.

The other Senior game features the Saints and CAA. The previous result of 4-0 certainly flattered the Saints who emerged winners only after seven hard-fought innings. Humour has it that the old reputation of CAA, "Kassa" Nazarin, has hung up his glove. Nevertheless manager Mark Kwong will find a suitable replacement who will have a tough time trying to hold off the strong Saints line.

Undeclared to date, the Saints are out to keep their slate clean and although the Athletics are dour fighters when the chips are stacked against them, I cannot foresee a sensational upset victory for the Athletics as the Joys are much too crafty and steady to let anything rattle them.

A capacity crowd is expected to watch the all-important clash between Ed Carvalho's run-punching Seminoles and Robert Remedios' Cheyennes down for 2.00 p.m. tomorrow. A tense battle earlier in the season ended in the former edging out their bitterest rivals by 4 runs to 1. A repeat victory for the champions means another Pennant for them while a reversal would give the Cheyennes the

honour of snapping the 24-game winning streak of the Seminoles and also mean a possible play-off for the title since both sides are confidently expected to win the remainder of their League fixtures.

This game promised to have everything—partisan fans cheering themselves hoarse, a tension in the air throughout the seven innings reminiscent of the old Braves and Dodgers atmosphere and last, but by no means least, softball of a very high standard. Both sides are very evenly matched in defence with the Seminoles a shade better in power at the plate.

The pre-game strategy of both sides is of course unknown, but it is probable that mentor Carvalho will rely on the long-ball hitting of sluggers Klondike Wong, Peter d'Almada, Ben and Lee and ex-Binchaw "Erickson" Farid Khan, newly signed up, while coach Joey Franco of the Cheyennes might favour the bunt strategy. Whatever they decide on, fans are assured of a fast-moving game. Although an upset cannot be ruled out entirely, the Seminoles by virtue of better team-work and superior batting strength should maintain their unbeaten record and retain their championship for yet another season.

#### CLASSIC HOPES FOR 1958

### Now Major Portion Must Justify His Ranking

By JAMES PARK

As few of the leading colts seem the right type for the Derby, the Free Handicap for two-year-olds may prove to be a better guide to the 2,000 Guineas—the only classic engagement held by Major Portion, who tops the handicap. Major Portion's place at the top was a foregone conclusion after his unbeaten record, culminating in a victory in the Middle Park Stakes.

For some time it has been recognised that the stock of Court Martial do not stay beyond a mile and a quarter, and owner-breeder Mr. H. J. ("Tim") Peel accepted this by entering Major Portion only for the first of the season's classic races.

The old saying that jockeys are bad judges does not hold good in the case of Eph Smith. While Promulgation was being lauded to the skies after winning the National Breeders' Produce Stakes at Sandown on a first appearance and then the Richmond Stakes at Goodwood, when he readily accounted for Pinched and Kelly, Smith held to the opinion that Major Portion was the better horse.

#### By A Head

At that time Major Portion's record consisted of beating the murmur Faresa by two lengths at Epsom and scrambling home by a head from Procedure, at Ascot. It was not until the autumn that we saw Major Portion justify the jockey's opinion. The Middle Park Stakes was virtually a two-horse race from the start, the French colt, Neptune II, setting a pace that had all except Major Portion in trouble by the time the Bushes were reached.

This pair drew away going down the hill into The Dip, and I had no doubt that Major Portion would win even before he struck the front. I am sure that was also the opinion of Smith, for he was sitting quite comfortably while Poincelot was getting anxious on the French colt.

It was necessary for Major Portion to be given only a little rein to take the lead. I thought then he would draw away for a convincing victory, but having gained a half-length advantage he could not make it any more.

It may well have been that Smith was content with the margin he had gained. Certainly Major Portion did not have as hard a race as Neptune II.

#### Right Attitude

I have little doubt Major Portion will be favourite for the 2,000 Guineas when the ante-post market opens.

I would have liked to see a more robust outline, but that is the only criticism I would make of Major Portion. He is a handsome, neatly framed chestnut colt, with a beautiful action and the right attitude to racing. Ted Leader allowed his charge ample time to develop, and it was not until the autumn that the colt was at his best.

The future of Major Portion depends on how he progresses this winter. I doubt whether he will grow to any material extent as he had rather a set appearance as a two-year-old.

He is of the type that should come early to hand, and if all goes well, the trainer should not have any trouble in getting the colt at his peak on 2,000 Guineas day.

Court Martial has not yet sized a winner of the 2,000 Guineas, but there should be no doubt about Major Portion staying a mile.

(London Express Service).  
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#### Sports Diary

TODAY

1st Division—Cricket "South" v Police; CCC v ROC; RAF v Recreation; ROC v Army "North"; Navy v HKCC "Optimists".

2nd Division—HKCC "Hornets" v ROC; Dockyard v Recreation; DYS HKCC; Police v Army "South"; ROC v RAF.

3rd Division—Sing Tao v South China (HK Stadium); Police v Eastern (HS), both matches at 2.15 p.m.

Reserve Division—Sing Tao v South China (HK Stadium); Police v Eastern (HS), both matches at 2.15 p.m.

2nd Division—HKCC v Tai Koo (HK) 2.15 p.m.; RAMC v St Joseph's (HK) 2.45 p.m.; Telephone v Aircraft (HK) 3.45 p.m.; Police v Yauwatsy (Shanghai) 3.45 p.m.; Caroline Hill v HKCC (HK) 3.45 p.m.

3rd Division—Mercantile v South China (HK) 2.15 p.m.; Eagle Valley v Dockwell (HK) 2.15 p.m.; AFS v HKCC (HK) 2.15 p.m.; Redhibition v University (HK) 3.45 p.m.

Rugby  
Annual Tailor's Game at HKCC, 3 p.m. and 4.10 p.m.

Hockey  
Ladies' League—King's v Recreation "A" (SCP) 2.30 p.m.; Greenall v Recreation "B" (HS) 2.30 p.m.; Victorians v ROC (HK) 2.30 p.m.

Athletics  
Annual athletics of Wah Yan College Kowloon at Army Ground, Boundary St 1 p.m.

#### Answers To Sports Quiz

1. Vic Seixas and Barry MacKay.
2. Denis Compton, Dai Rees, Hogan Bassey.
3. Three. Welterweight, lightweight, and featherweight.
4. Handicap.
5. (a) Rugby (b) Horse-racing (c) Soccer.
6. Newcastle. Three times.
7. (a) Baseball (b) Bowls (c) Cricket.
8. Riche Benaud. 122.
9. Grand National.
10. John L. Sullivan.



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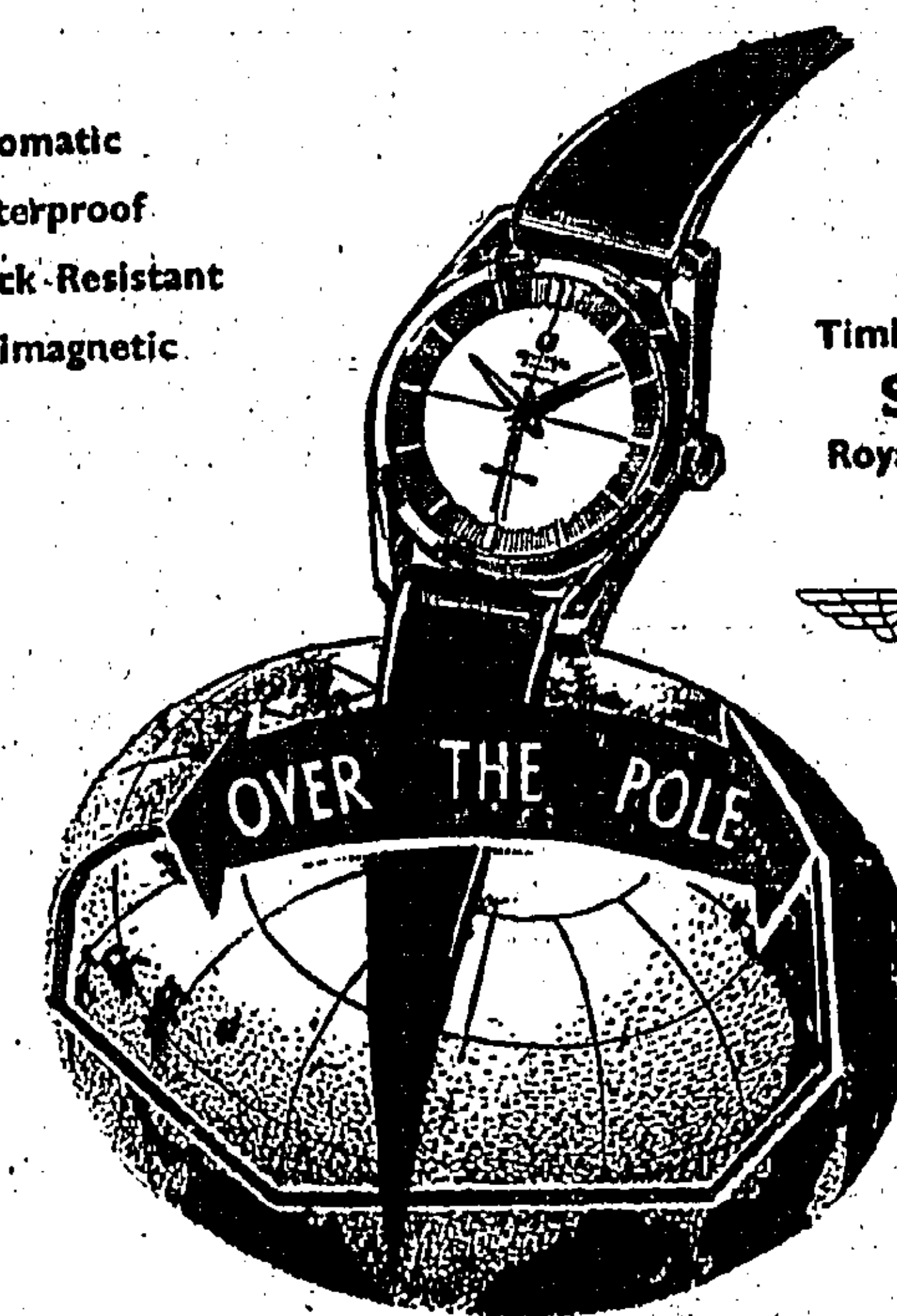
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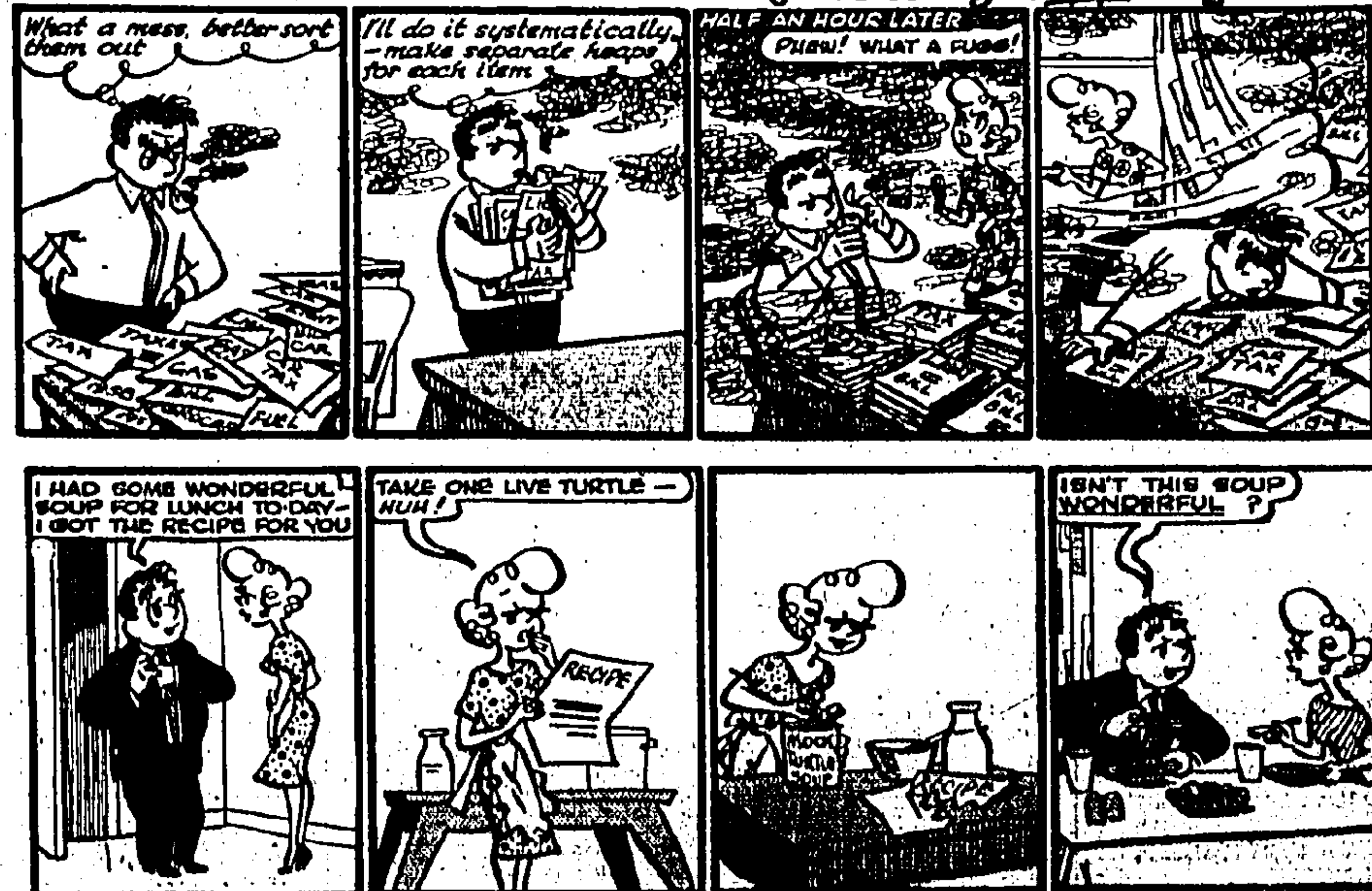
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#### THE GAMBOLS

by Barry Appleby



Time on your hands...





★ ★ ★

## FEATURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

★ ★ ★

## How It Happened—

SHOO, FLY; THE  
PIE IS ALL

THE Pennsylvania Dutch housewife stood in her pantry wondering what she could bake for the family dinner. It was late spring in Lancaster County and the men would be coming in from the fields with hearty appetites.

"Half starved they will be," the good wife told herself. "And such a sweet tooth they all got, oh, my! What am I going to cook?"

"So late in the spring, the apples in all the berries are not yet! My man says if he sees another custard pie he will cackle himself already. I must to think—"

★ ★ ★

The only thing on the pantry shelves that looked sweet was a jug of molasses. What could be done with that?

Thoughtfully, she lined the rows of jars with rich pastry. Then she poured molasses in a big bowl, added a little vinegar "for the sour," stirred in hot water and some soda "to make the fizz."

Tasting the mixture, she nodded her head in satisfaction. She poured it into the waiting pans.

"Something to pretty up the top it needs," she decided. She mixed brown sugar and butter in another bowl. She added flour and stirred until the mixture looked like crumbs. Then she sprinkled the crumbs over the top of the pies and set them into the oven to bake. In three quarters of an hour the pies were done—brown and crusty and with a tantalizing sweet-sour smell that made the mouth water. The housewife set them on the shelf outside the kitchen window to cool and be ready for dinner.



★ ★ ★

Soon she noticed that the rich sugary smell had attracted the first of the spring flies. Hurriedly she called one of her children and, giving him a leafy branch, set him to keeping the flies away from the shelf. At dinnertime the pies were a great success. Plates came back for seconds until there were only syrupy smears in the pans.

The good wife smiled with satisfaction. Her invention would add to her reputation as a good cook.

★ ★ ★

"And what do you call this new kind of pie?" asked her husband.

She thought a moment. Then, remembering how the child had been kept busy driving the insects away from the tantalizing sweetness, she replied, "Shoo-fly Pie!"

At least that's what they will tell you in the Pennsylvania Dutch country when you ask for a wedge of the sweet-sour dark pie that is "so wonderfully good."

—By Leo Priestly

## THINGS TO DO

## Trick Others, Stump Yourself

DO you like tricks? Like fooling your friends? Try this one. It's a dandy.

Take an ordinary file card, such as your mother uses in her recipe file. Then tell your friends that you can cut it so they can easily put your head through it.

They won't believe you, so show them how it is done. Fold the card lengthwise. Now cut a series of slits about one fourth inch apart. Start cutting from the folded side and cut to about one eighth of an inch of the opposite side.

Next turn the card around with the two edges facing you and cut as before, from the open edges, this time cut these slits between the first series of slits.

Now cut along the long fold, BUT—cut only between the last slit on one end to the last on the other. This leaves the ends of the fold uncut.

Now very carefully unfold the card and open each slit one by one. Be careful not to tear the card.

When it is open all the way you will find that your little recipe file card will easily slip over your head and clear on down over your body!

★ ★ ★

Do You Know—

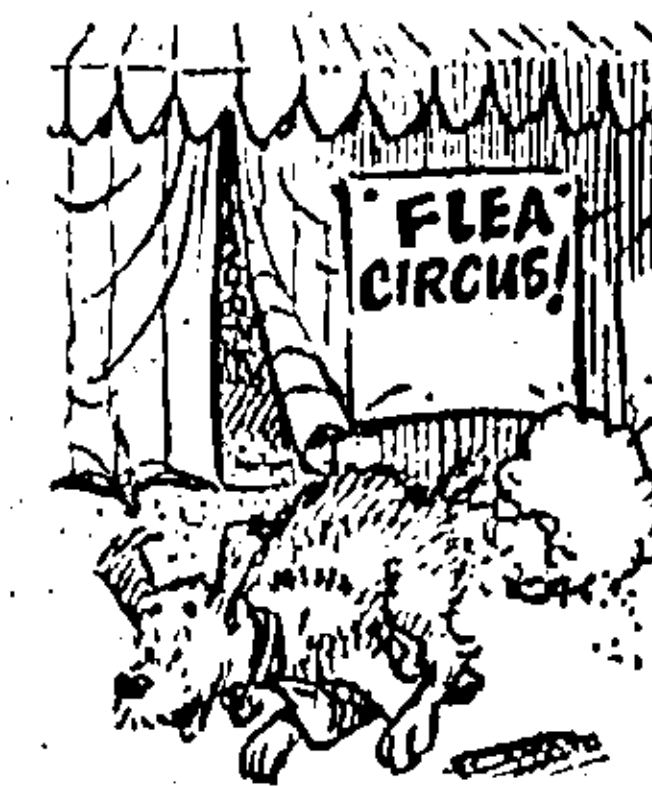
## ONLY SMART FLEAS JOIN CIRCUSES

HAVE you ever been to a flea circus?

Probably the last flea circus in the United States is now showing in Sarasota, Fla., according to a recent news story.

This flea circus is known as Herbert's Museum. It's owned by Roy Herbert Heckler who selects, trains, and feeds the tiny actors.

Heckler says it took him two years to learn flea training, but it only takes a flea three weeks to be trained for a circus act. Heckler trains only common house fleas, although there are more than 500 different kinds of fleas. The house flea has superior intelligence, endurance and length of life.



break their legs in their wool and cotton blankets. Heckler's flea circus features seven acts:

Fleas in chariot races.  
Fleas running a merry-go-round.  
Fleas juggling.  
Fleas playing football.  
A flea hotel.  
A flea circus playing a flag and jumping through a hoop.  
Heckler gives personal attention to the feeding of his tiny actors.

When feeding time comes, Heckler rolls up his sleeves and plays host.

—By Manuel Almada

THE PENGUIN, often referred to as the smart little man of the Antarctic, has more pranks up his slipper than a TV comedian has up his sleeve. All two-foot-five inches of him are full of fun. He loves games and pranks.

One game—which he must find very interesting because he plays it so often—might be called "First One In." The blues line up as close to the edge of the water as they can get, then try to push each other in.

The object of the game seems to be to get the others to enter the water first. Sometimes those behind nearly succeed in pushing the front rank in. These recover themselves in time to rush around the race to turn the tables on the others.

★ ★ ★

When "First One In" gets underway, the one of the day is "Follow the Leader." This game starts when one penguin decides to dive deliberately into the water. The others take up the signal and follow him in, all taking off from the exact spot where the first made his leap.

They follow one another into the water so quickly that they look like black second hands bouncing off the white face of the clock, every second on the second. In a short time they all come to the surface about 20 yards out, rolling and splashing and making sounds like a bunch of boys in the "old swimming hole."

EVEN THE penguin's way of travelling appears to be a prank. Probably that's because his legs are very short, limiting him to tiny steps of about four inches.

★ ★ ★

Having such a short gait, he has to step lively if he's going to get anywhere, and he generally does, taking about 120 steps a minute. These walking habits of his give him a rhythm that makes him look as if he's playing at marching.

But it isn't his walking alone that makes him the rollicking-looking creature of the snow-swept Antarctic. It's what he does when he gets tired of walking.

At such a time he flops down on his white vest and goes tobogganing. As he skids along, he can gain plenty of speed with powerful little strokes from his legs behind him.

Dickens  
Was A  
Great Hiker

YOU might have accepted once, but the second time you came as a guest to Charles Dickens' home in London and he invited you to take a walk before the big goose dinner, you probably would have said no.

On Christmas Day all the neighbours liked to be guests at the famous writer's home at Gad's Hill, but if the gentlemen present knew what was good for them, they always declined Dickens' proposal to join him in a stroll.

The fact is, the novelist was one of the most celebrated pedestrians of his day. He kept himself in top form and he could walk the legs off any of his guests.

★ ★ ★

Those who accepted were always sorry afterwards. His companions on his Christmas walks soon began to wonder when their hike would ever end. They found themselves more tired by the minute, and by the time they returned to Gad's Hill, they would be completely exhausted. Dickens, on the other hand, appeared as "chipper as a daisy."

The novelist had a way of keeping himself in perfect practice. It was his custom to write at his desk all day, but then when darkness fell, he was off. He would stride out as a brisk stride through the big town and he kept this pace for the whole distance.

Since Dickens travelled all over London on foot, he knew it like a book. There were few out-of-the-way corners of the sprawling city in which, at some time or another, he had not set foot.

He followed out this hiking routine as the time he wrote "A Christmas Carol." As he wandered about the black streets, the story and its characters filled his thoughts.

## THEY HAVE A BALL



Father Penguin gets a look at his offspring at London Zoo.

ANOTHER PRANK a penguin might perform depends on whether he is being good or bad. He seems to have a very strong conscience. If he is being a good penguin, he seems to be ashamed of himself and tries to get smaller so his bad net won't be noticed.

He then smooths his feathers and loses some of his size. Visitors in the Antarctic have reported that they have watched an apparently undersized penguin slipping quietly along among the nests, and always he turned out to be a robber of the other fellow's nest stores.

Visitors generally found out that he wasn't undersized at all. He was simply trying to be smaller because he knew he was doing wrong.

He is a prankster with the lady penguins too. He brings his wife stones for her nest, but never makes any suggestions as to what she should do with them.

He simply makes journey after journey, each time bringing in his beak a pebble, which he deposits with gallantry before the lady. Then he stands by like a pompous gentleman, watching her closely but allowing her to make the complete decision as to where the stone shall be placed.

WATCHING is really another amusing habit the penguin has. Having lots of natural curiosity, he takes great pains to inspect any strange object. When he comes within a yard or two of something new, he

puts on an act that would make even a solemn seal laugh. He uses just one eye at a time when looking at a near object, poking his head forward with perky little movements, using his right eye and then his left, alternately.

Perhaps his favourite feat, though, is deep diving. J. H. Gurney in his book on penguins maintains that penguins have got themselves entangled in fishing nets as deep down as 180 feet.

There really is no reason for such deep diving other than love of fun. But, then, everyone knows the penguin is a prankster through and through.

—By Evelyn Witter

## SHORT STORY—

## Lennie Grows Into His Ears

LUCY sat back in her seat at school listening to Robert's description of someone in the class. Everyone was supposed to guess whom Robert was describing.

"Small and thin," said Robert, "with blue eyes and blonde hair and big ears that stick out—"

At that, the whole class roared and shouted, "Lennie, it's Lennie!" Miss Albert had to clap her hands to quiet them.

Lucy's hand went automatically to her own thick, dark hair that covered her ears. She watched Lennie's face grow crimson and his eyes blur. He put his head on the desk and his shoulders shook.

★ ★ ★

Someone whispered, "He's laughing." Someone else whispered, "He's crying." Miss Albert called on Joyce to read her descriptive sketch, and this drew attention away from Lennie. When he finally raised his head, no one could tell whether he had been laughing or crying.

Lucy walked home with Joyce, Joyce said, "I thought I'd die when Robert described Lennie."

Lucy's blue eyes darkened and her gentle mouth curved into a smile. "I thought I'd die, too. It was an awful thing to say."

Joyce shrugged her shoulders. "I don't think Robert meant to hurt him."

Lucy bit her lip. "Maybe not, but Lennie was hurt. Couldn't



Robert have said something nice instead?"

"I guess he didn't think," said Joyce. "He didn't agree fully. I suppose he wouldn't have said it if he thought Lennie would feel badly."

"Someone said he was laughing," said Joyce. "Maybe he didn't mind."

Lucy shook her head. "I'm afraid he wasn't laughing." Joyce's eyes narrowed. "How come you know so much? I mean about how awful he felt?"

"His ears aren't the worst thing in the world," said Lucy softly. "Only when you have them, worry with your pretty face," said Joyce. "Nothing's wrong with you."

THE NEXT morning, on the way to school, Lucy saw a lone

figure walking ahead of her. The boy was small and slight and his head drooped. Lucy recognized Lennie.

She could tell by his walk that he had been hurt by the description of him. How she wished she could make him feel better. Her forehead creased as she thought of a way she could help him. But to do so, she would have to give away her secret, one she kept for so long.

She lagged behind him, not daring to catch up, for fear that her sympathy would make her tell. She tripped over a crack in the sidewalk.

Lennie turned at the sound. "Hurt yourself?" he asked. She scrambled to her feet. "No."

★ ★ ★

Lennie walked along with her now. Neither said a word. Thank goodness, they were almost at school. Lennie was watching Robert climb the stairs to school. He said wisely, "Robert's nice and tall, isn't he?"

Lucy said holly, "He's not as nice as you, though. You're a very nice person, Lennie." She stopped short, surprised at what she had said. Lennie stared at her and his eyes showed surprise, but gratitude, too.

Might as well go all the way, she thought. She blurted out, "I've got big ears and they stick out, too—only my hair covers them!" For a minute, Lennie stared in shock and she stared back. Then they both laughed.

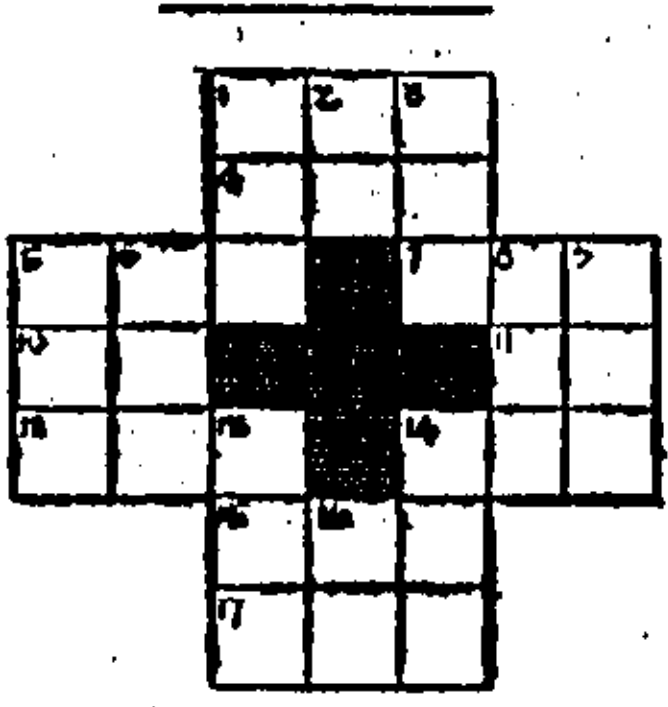
Lennie said, "My mother said I'll grow into them." "I never thought of that," said Lucy. "Guess it's not so bad at that."

"No," he said, and they walked into the classroom still smiling—for now there were two.

—By Fern Simms

## YOUR PUZZLE CORNER

## CROSSWORD



## ACROSS

- 1 Slight taste
- 2 Employ
- 3 Pro and
- 4 Part of your foot
- 5 Folding bed
- 6 Musical note
- 7 Number
- 8 Pronoun
- 9 Bustle
- 10 Cooking utensil

## DOWN

- 1 Source of light
- 2 Exists
- 3 Favourite
- 4 Preposition
- 5 Individual
- 6 Native metal
- 7 Always (poet.)
- 8 Short sleep
- 9 Torrid
- 10 Accomplish

## WORD CHAIN

Can you change SLOW to FAST in just six moves by changing only one letter at a time and having a good word on each change? If you need help, Puzzle Pete says to change O to A, S to F, W to T, L to I, A to S, and I to A.

(Solutions on Page 19)

## TRIANGLE

A RAMPART forms a base for Puzzle Pete's word triangle this time. The second word is "a musical note"; third colloquial for "madam"; fourth "grate"; fifth "a Mediterranean island"; and sixth "quicker." Finish the triangle from the given clues:

R  
A  
M  
P  
A  
R  
T

## SOUND ALIKES

Puzzle Pete's missing words sound alike, but you have to spell them differently if you want to complete his sentence: The — made no — from his prediction.

## WORD SQUARE

When you change the letters in each row around to form a good word, you'll find you can read the answer the same down as across if you rearrange the rows of words:

A	E	E	R	S
A	E	L	R	T
A	E	O	P	R
E	I	L	P	R
E	I	R	R	S

## A Very Strange Picnic

—All of the Food Refused to Be Eaten—

By MAX TRELL

THE magic telephone rang. Knarf and Hand, the Shadows with the Turned-About Names, both ran to answer it. It was their friend, Simple Simon, telephoning from the Other-Side-of-the-Wall.

"I'm having a picnic," he said. "I've got a big lunch basket filled with food, but I'm having trouble getting anything to eat."

## Didn't Make Sense

This didn't seem to make much sense. But Knarf and Hand weren't too much surprised, for one of the things about Simple Simon, their friend, was that he hardly ever made sense.

Hand said over the telephone: "We'll come out to where you are, right away, Simon."

"Thank you," said Simon. "I'll be waiting for you."

Knarf and Hand went to the wall. Down at the bottom of the wall, behind the curtain, was a little door. It was tall and narrow like a crack. They slid through.

They found themselves on a country road. The sun was shining. Bluebirds were flitting about. Red butterflies were fluttering. In the field, purple cows were eating pink grass.

"There's Simon!" said Knarf, as he pointed to a small figure sitting on top of a nearby hill.

## Nearby Hill

Hand looked up to see the figure standing up and waving to them.

They set out for the top of the hill, behind the curtain. "I'm glad you've come at last," Simon said. "I can't tell you how hungry I am."

"What's in that big picnic basket?" Hand asked. "All kinds of delicious things to eat," Simon said. "Then why don't you eat those delicious things?" said Knarf.

"I can't," said Simon. "Why not?" asked Hand.



"You're not eating me!" Cucumber told Simon.

"I'll show you," said Simon. "Watch what happens when I open this picnic basket." Knarf and Hand carefully watched while Simon lifted the cover of the basket. Out jumped a cucumber.

"You're not eating me," said the Cucumber.

## It Disappeared

Before Simon or Knarf or Hand could do anything, the Cucumber was rolling, hopping and bounding down the hill. It disappeared in a cloud of dust.

"It's no use," Simon said, shaking his head. "That Cucumber is going back to the cucumber patch where I picked it this morning. I guess Cucumbers don't like picnics."

They returned to the top of the hill.

"What else have you got in that picnic basket, Simon?" said Hand. "Maybe the other things are better behaved than that awful Cucumber."

"I'm afraid none of the things I brought along like being on a picnic," said Simon. "He lifted the cover of the basket again. This time a Ham Sandwich appeared on the edge. "Don't think I'm going to be eaten," the Ham Sandwich said. But this time, Knarf and Hand knew exactly what to do.

## Slapped On Cover

They slapped the cover back on the picnic basket and kept the Ham Sandwich from getting away.

Simple Simon sighed. "Well, what's the good of it?" he said. "I've got all this delicious food and I can't eat any of it. None of these things likes being on a picnic!"

But Simon didn't go, hungry after all.

Knarf found him some honey in a hollow tree and Hand got him a whole lot full of blackberries. The purple cows were glad to provide him with several glasses of rich white milk and buckets of all. Knarf and a bar of chocolate. In his pocket which he gladly gave to their hungry friend.

"The picnic was a success after all."

**LOOK WHO**

INSTINCT TELLS THEM WHEN IT'S TIME TO ASSEMBLE IN FLOCKS, TO MIGRATE, TO STOP MIGRATING, TO SING TO FIGHT TO MATE, TO BUILD A NEST, TO LAY EGGS.

**CHEESE IS CRISP AROUND THE WORLD AND IS MADE FROM THE MILK OF THE ASH, BUFFALO, CAMEL, COY, GOAT, SHEEP, HORSE, RAMPART AND ARRL.**

## Rupert and the Thinking Cap—22



The two pals wait quietly as they are hidden and in a few minutes the little Chinese girl gets back holding out a Thinking Cap. Sitting on the lowest step of the terrace Rupert puts it on while Granger looks on anxiously. "Now I'm back," says Granger. "I'll keep on trying."

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# CHINA MAIL

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 11, 1958.

**Sheaffer's**  
STERLING SILVER TIP

## US NARROWS MISSILE GAP

### Firing Of Atlas Successful In Space Race

Washington, Jan. 10. The Pentagon announced that the "Atlas" intercontinental ballistic missile, launched at Cape Canaveral today, reached its target.

It was announced earlier today that in today's test the Atlas would cover a maximum range of 620 miles.

United States officials were satisfied with the success of the test, but remained conscious of the fact that the USSR maintained its advance in the field of intercontinental ballistic missiles, with a range of 5,000 miles.

#### Indication

However, the success of today's test was taken as an indication that the United States

was narrowing the gap between its own progress and that of the Soviet Union.

The United States, official circles said, now seemed determined to furnish the effort required to catch up to the USSR in the missile and satellite field. They recalled that President Eisenhower announced that \$1,300,000 in new appropriations would be set aside in the present fiscal year for the development of rockets and missiles, and that the 1958 budget would provide for an increase of more than \$2,000,000,000 in appropriations for modern weapons.

#### New Tests

The distance covered by the Atlas in today's test had not yet been officially announced. In its only other successful test, last month, the Atlas travelled only about a tenth of its theoretical range.

It was considered possible that new limited range tests would be necessary before the rocket could be tested over its full range.

Informed sources said the last two tests proved the stability of the Atlas, and its great speed. US experts have also overcome the problem of filling the missile with liquid oxygen, the problem which was the cause of the failure of the satellite bearing "Vanguard" missile last December 6, the sources said.

American technicians must still solve the problem of using the full power of the missile's three rockets. The missile's trajectory has twice proved that its full power has not yet been used.

#### Crucial Point

This question of rocket thrust is the crucial point in the Russian-American space weapons race. Assistant Secretary of State, Christian Herter, said after the first Russian Sputnik was launched that the balance of strength in the world depended on the thrust of the rival rockets.

Technicians are now speeding up efforts to solve this problem. Perfecting of the "Titan" and the second American ICBM, has been going ahead rapidly in the past weeks and scientists are hopeful that this year "Atlas" may be used to shoot off an earth satellite at least as heavy as the second Soviet Sputnik.—France-Press.

### Their Good Deed For The Day



The 4th Hongkong Cubs, accompanied by Cub Master John Arnold and Mr and Mrs W. R. K. Collings, sang carols on Christmas Eve.

On Thursday Mr Arnold and some of the Cubs went to the Ebenezer Home and School for the Blind and gave them the collection.

Seen above is John Kilbee (Senior Sixer) presenting the money to one of the blind children with (right to left) Grahame Johnson, Christopher Fasciato, Christopher Reid, Robert Arnold and Jill Arnold. (Jill insists on attending the Cub meetings).—China Mail.

## CABINET RESHUFFLE BY JIMENEZ IN VENEZUELA

Caracas, Jan. 10. General Perez Jimenez has entirely reshuffled his Cabinet and himself remains in power, it was announced here today.

## TO ATTACK WORLD RECORD

Sydney, Jan. 10. Jon Konrads, 15, broke the Australian 880 Yards Men's Swimming Record here today, a day after his young sister, Ilse, had smashed the Women's World Record for the distance.

Konrads, who was swimming in a heat of the New South Wales Championships, clocked 9 minutes, 24.7 seconds. He clipped 9.6 seconds off Murray Rose's Australian record.

His coach, Don Talbot, said tonight he would allow Konrads to attack the World Record in the final tomorrow. The world mark, held by American George Breen, is 9 minutes, 19.2 seconds.—Reuter.

## US Envoy

Moscow, Jan. 10. The United States Ambassador to the Soviet Union, Lovell Thompson, is leaving Moscow on January 23 next for the United States for consultations with his Government, it was learned here today. Thompson is expected to be away for a fortnight.—France-Press.

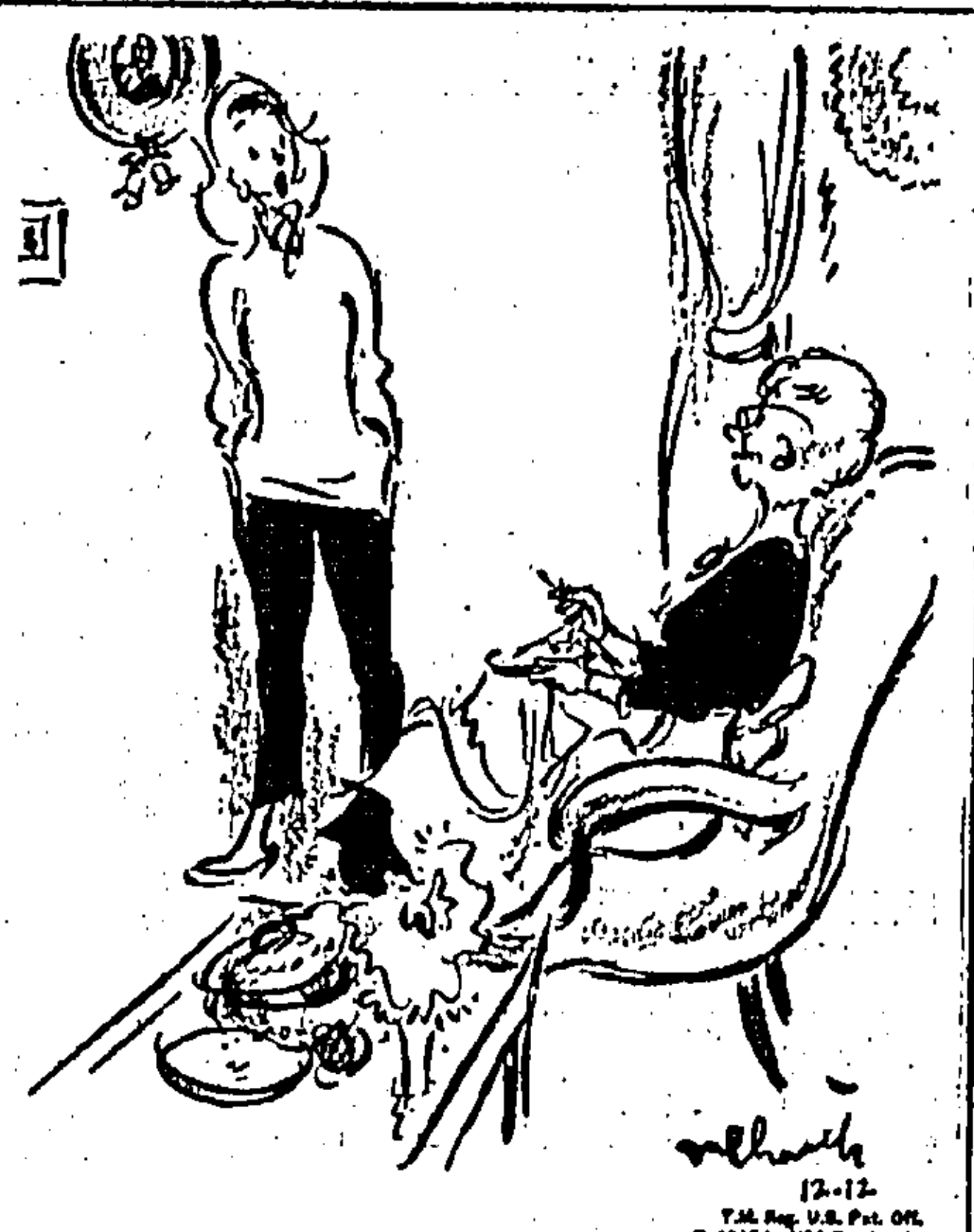
## Ain't What It Used To Be

Hollywood, Jan. 10. The Wild West ain't what it used to be. Warner Bros hired 200 Indians as extras in the Kanab, Utah, area for a Western movie being filmed there. Then studio officials learned they would have to order 200 Indian style wigs from Hollywood because most of the Indians had crew cuts.—United Press.

## NAMESAKES

Answers:—1 Judgement, 2 Viscount, 3 Inheriting, 4 Rank, 5 Duke, 6 Executioner, 7 Baron, 8 Peer, 9 Heir, 10 Title, 11 Coronet. John Debreit.

## SIDE GLANCES By Galbraith



"Would it be hinting too strong, Grandma, to tell Wilbur I'd like something small and circular for my birthday? Would he catch on?"

## DOGGART HITS FIRST MCC CENTURY

Nakuru, Kenya, Jan. 10. Hubert Doggart, the Sussex batsman, hit the first century of the MCC tour of East Africa in the one-day game against H. L. Hunters eleven which ended in a draw here today.

## Anglo-Egyptian Negotiations

London, Jan. 10. Talks were in progress between Britain and Egypt on a date for the resumption of economic negotiations between the two countries, a Foreign Office source said today, but no date has yet been fixed.

The source refused to confirm a report by the Egyptian paper "El Akhbar" that the negotiations would resume on January 22. The negotiations had been interrupted for the second time on December 12.—France-Press.

Doggart, who made 110 not out, was in sparkling form. After racing to his first 50, he crunched his second half century in 24 minutes.

#### AUSTRALIAN

In Johannesburg the Australian touring cricketers had scored 140 for two wickets when rain prevented any further play today half an hour after lunch on the opening day of their match against Transvaal here.

Les Favell striving to regain a test place, scored 75, including ten fours.—Reuter.

## Persuasion

Upknoxville, Ten, Jan. 10. Matthew Leeper, 78, a janitor, landed in trouble yesterday when a woman tenant violated his order that everyone be in bed by 10 p.m.

She charged that Leeper tried to hit her on the head with a hammer when she disobeyed his order.—United Press.

## DARTWORDS SOLUTION

TIDDLER Tom Sawyer Lawyer Laver Relay Repey Avenue Geneva Lake State Slave Galley Alley Blind Blind Milt Blitter Titter Laugh Lough Blough Mire Mitre Merit Worth Firth Bridge Signa Sight Eight Pieces Pieces Holes Moles Mopes Epsom Salts Balts Blast Last Feet Hot Ghod, Chance Lifetime Span Para Ping NEEDLES.

## TELEVISION

2 p.m., Guy Lombardo and His Orchestra; 2.30, L. L. Wright, Cantone Film: "The Story of a Pair of Shoes"; 4.30, Mr District Attorney; 5, Children's Hour; 5.15, Children's Songs; 5.30, By Robin Williams; 5.35, Children's Film: "Jungle Jim in Jungle Justice"; 6, Close Down; 7.30, Saturday Variety: Mona Fong and Pete Cruzado with the Joseph Koo Trio; 7.45, Newsworld; 8, Circus Boy in Corky and Circus Doctor; 8.30, Alfred Hitchcock Presents: "The Beltry"; 9, Crunch and Des; "Hill Down"; 9.30, Dangerous Assignment: "The Italian Movie Story"; 10, Evening Feature Film: "My Ain Folk"; 11, Late Night; 11.15, Close Down.

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NOTICE  
THE HONGKONG AND SHANGHAI BANKING CORPORATION  
ANNOUNCEMENT

The Directors of The Hong Kong and Shanghai Banking Corporation announce that the profit for the year ended 31st December, 1957, after providing for taxation etc. amounts to HK\$21,035,543.21.

It is proposed to write HK\$4,000,000 off Bank Premises and to pay a Final Dividend of £12.60 per share leaving a balance to be carried forward of HK\$2,062,483. These figures are subject to audit.

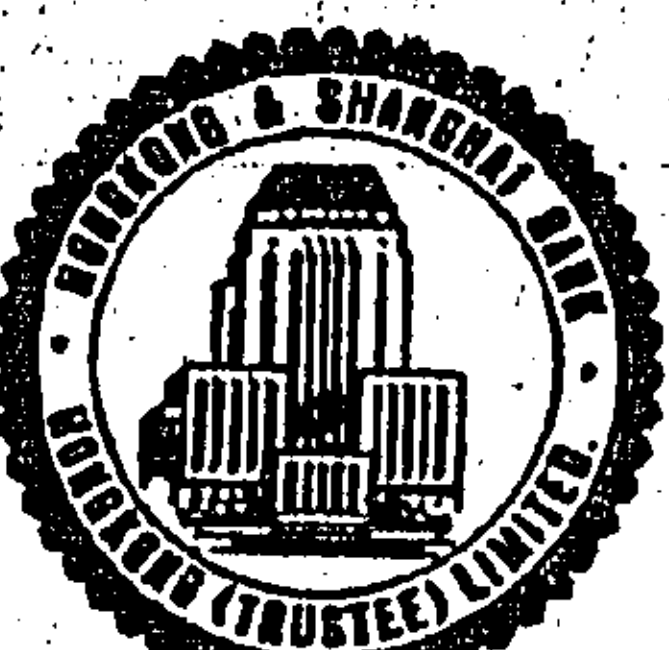
#### NOTICE

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the Ordinary Yearly General Meeting of the Shareholders of the Corporation will be held at the Head Office of the Corporation, 1 Queen's Road Central, Hong Kong, on Friday, the 14th day of March, 1958, at Noon for the purpose of receiving and considering the reports of the Directors and of the Auditors and the Profit and Loss Account and Balance Sheet for the year ended 31st December, 1957, and for the election of Directors and the appointment of Auditors.

THE REGISTER OF SHARES of the Corporation will be closed from Friday, the 28th day of February to Friday, the 14th day of March, 1958, (both days inclusive) during which period no transfer of shares can be registered.

By Order of the Board,  
MICHAEL W. TURNER  
Chief Manager.

Hong Kong, 10th Jan., 1958.



Please note change of telephone number on and from  
10 a.m. Saturday, the 11th Jan. 1958  
to  
3 0 2 7 1

HONGKONG & SHANGHAI BANK  
HONGKONG (TRUSTEE) LIMITED  
The Trustee Company of The Hongkong and Shanghai Banking Corporation  
Hong Kong.

#### NOTICE TO CONSIGNEES

"ANTENOR"  
Damaged cargo ex this vessel will be surveyed by Messrs. Goddard & Douglas at Horta Wharf from 10 a.m. on January, 14 and 15, 1958, and consignees are requested to have their representatives present during the survey.

BUTTERFIELD & SWIRE, Agents.  
Hong Kong, January, 11, 1958.

## CHINA MAIL

HONGKONG PUBLISHED DAILY (AFTERNOON)  
Price, 20 cents per copy, Saturday 30 cents. Subscriptions: \$4.00 per month, \$36.00 per annum, U.K. British Possessions and other countries \$4.50 per month. News contributors' always welcome, should be addressed to the Editor, business communications and advertisements to the Secretary. Telephone: 2411 (5 lines). KOWLOON OFFICE: Salisbury Road, Telephone: 6413.

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\$20 and Holy Communion 7.00 p.m. - 7.30 p.m.  
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#### NOTICE

CHANGE OF TELEPHONE NUMBER  
Kindly note that as from Jan. 11, 1958, our telephone numbers will be:—  
28076 28077 28078  
28079 28080 (5 lines)  
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Holland House Hong Kong.

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